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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

Moscow Has Lot to Learn

THE government of the U.S.S.R., it must be remembered, is a young government, without any of the traditions of the old diplomacy. It is a government which for the past year or so has been feeling a trifle exalted about itself owing to its success in war. Also its more intimate diplomatic relationships have been with the adjacent states of the Balkans and the Middle East, where an unblushing corruption is a normal characteristic of official life.

These facts may help to explain the otherwise amazing crudity of the operations which seem to have been carried on from the shelter of the Russian Embassy for the procuring of information about the military secrets of Canada and some of her allies. Operations of this sort are either extremely rare in the capitals of civilized nations, or if they are not they are carried on with so much more skill and discretion that they very seldom come to public knowledge.

We are venturing to take it for granted that the statements contained in the interim report of the Royal Commission concerning the activities of certain officials of the Russian Embassy are substantially true. They are corroborated by the plea of guilty entered by one of the Canadian defendants. The Embassy officials cannot be brought into court, and their government is not likely to admit the charges; but it is significant that the Moscow reply to them consists almost wholly of personal abuse of Mr. Mackenzie King. It is fairly amusing, by the way, that a nation which in 1939 and in 1940 was associated with Herr Hitler in a non-aggression pact which was little short of an alliance for aggressive war should make it a major charge against Mr. King that in 1936 he failed to recognize the Fuehrer as a threat to world security.

We do not think there is any danger of the Ottawa affair making war between Russia and the British Commonwealth inevitable, or even more probable. It should, however, have a very salutary effect in checking the Russian campaign of intervention in the affairs of unsettled countries all over the world upon the pretext of supporting "popular" movements.

The use of the privileges of a diplomatic establishment—privileges which are granted by the courtesy of the sovereign government to which the Ambassador is accredited — for the purposes of espionage is of course totally illegitimate, and it may be assumed that none of the Russians involved in these charges will ever again be acceptable members of a diplomatic staff in Canada. Efforts by a government to secure the military secrets of another government are not in themselves illegitimate, but they become so the instant an attempt is made to carry them on behind the mask of diplomatic immunity. The recklessness with which instructions indicating the direct responsibility of Moscow appear to have been put in documentary form, and thus exposed to grave risk of discovery, is one of the most striking features of the whole affair.

It was fairly well known that Germany under the Nazi regime, and to a lesser extent under the last Kaiser, used her diplomatic establishments for similar purposes, but we do not think the responsibility of the German Foreign Office was ever so clearly indicated as that of the Russian Foreign Office in the present case, so that the withdrawal of an Ambassador or Secretary of Legation could be deemed to meet the requirements. The present situation seems to call for something considerably more drastic.

So far there appears to be no evidence to connect the local Communist party with the spy operations, and it appears likely that Moscow has not sufficient confidence in it to use it for such purposes. The men actually employed are native Russians who have spent most of their lives in conspicuous posts in Russia under the close supervision of the Moscow authorities.

—Photo, National Film Board.

"White water" in northern streams heralds the spring break-up in Canada's Eastern Provinces, when logs are floated downriver to the mills. There's action here as jammed logs are freed from the rocks.

Interest in Prisons

THE notably increased activity of the Prisoner's Rehabilitation Society of Toronto appears to be accompanied by a recognition of the fact that rehabilitation work cannot be much more effective than it is without a radical change in the whole system of punitive imprisonment in Canada. The *Globe and Mail* in a series of admirable articles by Mr. Ralph Allen has been calling for the implementation of the Archambault Report as an essential step towards any improvement in the prospect of inducing ex-prisoners to live a useful and socially acceptable life. In many other parts of the country there is a great revival of interest in the whole problem of penal reform, and it will be nothing short of a tragedy if this interest is once more dissipated without any tangible results in the organization and management of Canada's places of detention, both under Dominion and provincial authority.

The division of responsibility for these places of detention between the Dominion and the provinces is a very serious handicap to any systematic and general scheme of reform, and it will be another tragedy if the negotiations between these authorities come to an end without a clarification of this division and some understanding with a view to closer cooperation. It is somewhat alarming to learn, for example, that there has been a widespread view that the Prisoner's Rehabilitation Society, be-

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Immigration Sophistry Answered; The Flag of the Prisoners

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. O. K. CUMMING, in your issue of January 19, trots out an argument, often used but now rather flat, to the effect that the population of a country will not be increased by immigration. He goes this one better—suggests that the population of Canada is now five million less than it would have been if there had been no immigration. This is too much, much too much. It pushes reason off the dock, into the "drink."

The doctrine is based on two theories, one of which has some scientific foundation, but is not properly applicable to Canada. The other has no valid foundation. It is the result of errors in the study of Canadian vital statistics.

The theory which Mr. Cumming supports with reference to Benjamin Franklin and Professor East is best put forth by Professor Pearl. He has pointed out that the growth of population, *in a spatially limited area,* is governed by certain laws, which are not well understood, but which produce a certain pattern of population growth in any area at a given time. The inference is that attempts to increase population by immigration will be self-defeating. There will follow naturally a decrease in the normal birth-rate.

This doctrine, which has considerable acceptance, is applicable only to a spatially limited area. The interchange of population between the United States and Canada has been free from interference, at least, in the case of citizens of the two countries. It is quite clear, therefore that Canadian population growth has not taken place in a "spatially limited area". It has been a part of the population growth of the United States and Canada combined, and Professor Pearl's law does not apply to Canada as a separate unit.

The other theory is based on studies carelessly made. There has been a great migration from Canada to the United States. The inference drawn from this is that immigration into Canada pushed out Canadians who, otherwise, would have remained here. This has been definitely asserted by students of the question.

There is no evidence to support this contention. There is much to support the contrary point of view. The greatest single movement of population from Canada to the United States was of French-Canadians from the Province of Quebec, a generation or so ago. Quebec has been the Province least affected by immigration. These population movements have also taken place in the United States—are going on now in fact. We have had them within Canada. They are the restless surges of the human tide, influenced little, if any, by migrations from other countries.

The folly of the whole theory that immigration will not affect population in the case of an under-populated country is beautifully displayed by the fact that, under Mr. Cumming's theory, we must assume that if no immigrants had ever come to Canada there would now be a population of Canadian Indians here as great as the present total population of Canada. Or to put the case in another way, if the French, Dutch, Spanish and British had never come to the United States, or to Canada, there would now be 146 million American Indians in the two countries.

Complex scientific theories such as those of Professor East or Professor Pearl have a definite value. They are a basis for thought, argument and discussion, but they should be handled with discrimination and with some regard for the circumstances of particular cases.

Ottawa Ont. R. J. DEACHMAN

A Flag of Pride

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A DISPATCH which I read in the London *Free Press* some months ago has been unduly neglected. In effect it reported that when our troops, so long imprisoned, were at last released from Japanese detention they formed as good an attempt at a parade as their emaciated, ragged condition would permit, and marched out of camp in good order. At the head of the pitiful parade was proudly borne a Union Jack, in the middle of which was superimposed a large green maple leaf—all this made by themselves from scraps of materials from their own meagre belongings.

The story brought a lump to my throat. Surely this flag, made and borne by our own men who had suffered to guard our concepts of civilized living, is worthy to become the proud symbol of a grateful people. I commend the suggestion to the Flag Committee.

London, Ont. J. H. M.

Speaking Up For Russia

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SWELLING the wave of propaganda against Russia was F. X. Chauvin's article in your issue of February 16. We listened for 25 years to that sort of thing. Then Russia sacrificed over fifteen million people in support of our cause and gave proof that she had made greater advances in that period than any other nation had done in a hundred years.

The writer said that he had known some Russians; not favorably. I have known some Frenchmen, but I would hesitate to judge the whole by the few.

Ottawa, Ont. E. RICHARDS

About The Flag

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of February 9 Mr. T. S. Ewart gives six answers to Mrs. C. D. Armstrong's question "Why do we need a new flag?" For example: "1. Mrs. Armstrong has a name in order to distinguish her from other people, and a nation has a flag to distinguish it from other nations."

I suppose that Mrs. Armstrong's physical features distinguish her from other people, and I am sure if I met her on the street I would know she was not Veronica Lake, Queen Wilhelmina, the Ranee of Gwalior or even T. S. Ewart, without ever knowing her name. Ah, but she requires a name for legal purposes. Correct, but entirely aside from the question. Canada is in no legal difficulties on that account. She can make laws, borrow money, undertake international obligations, make treaties with foreign countries, etc. The other nations know it is Canada with which they are dealing; the representatives of our country do not have to carry a flag for identification purposes and our country has a name.

I have attended a number of international conventions in New York City, Toronto, Atlantic City, Montreal, Boston, and even in Ottawa, when in each case draped on the wall behind the speakers' platform were the Stars and Stripes, and The Red Ensign, the latter, as everyone knows, having the Canadian coat of arms in the fly and the Union Jack in the upper corner. Everybody present knew it represented Canada.

Do I hear a lawyer protesting, "Not officially"? Then, why don't the boys take an hour in the House and the Senate Chamber some day and earn their extra $2,000 (tax-free) by making it official?

Toronto, Ont. C. H. ARMSTRONG

The Arthritis Plague

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LORD HORDER, the President of the Empire Rheumatism Council, has proposed a Plan for the National Action in Great Britain to curb the ravages of Arthritis. Writing of this problem he says:

"The first essential of a plan of national treatment, is that existing Specialized Rheumatism Treatment centres and other medical training institutions could be encouraged and assisted to train rheumatological specialists and to institute post-graduate courses in rheumatology for the benefit of the general practitioner. . . They should be teaching centres, also research centres. . ."

"It must be repeated that much of the present sacrifice of human well-being is avoidable; there is no refuge in the excuse that, since medical knowledge of causes and of the most efficacious treatments is incomplete, nothing can be done . . . the national application of present methods of cure and alleviation would lift much of the burden of Rheumatic Disease from the community."

It is time that the Canadian public urge their Government to submit a plan along similar lines.

Nanaimo, B.C. MARGARET S. S. WHYTE

Vowel-Laden

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS interested in the item in your issue of February 16 concerning words with four consecutive vowels each; such as "aqueous" and "giaour". There is at least one English word which has all five vowels in order, with intervening consonants; "adventitiously". Are there any others?

Winnipeg, Man. H. S. SEAMAR

• •

THE TIDES

ON the surface of the sea, swift waves racing
Meeting and embracing
Or parting from the shore;
High tide, low tide,
Never rest, never bide,
Heaving in, surging out, restless evermore.

Far below, in ice-green aisles, long waves sloping,
Rhythmically groping,
Unhurried and serene.
Nightfall, daybreak,
Never sleep, never wake,
Moving slowly to a shore secret and unseen.

On the surface of the mind small thoughts hasting,
Pale endeavors wasting,
But in the depths below
Long thoughts, never spoken,
Strong thoughts, never broken,
Fed by streams of memory, richly ebb and flow.

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN

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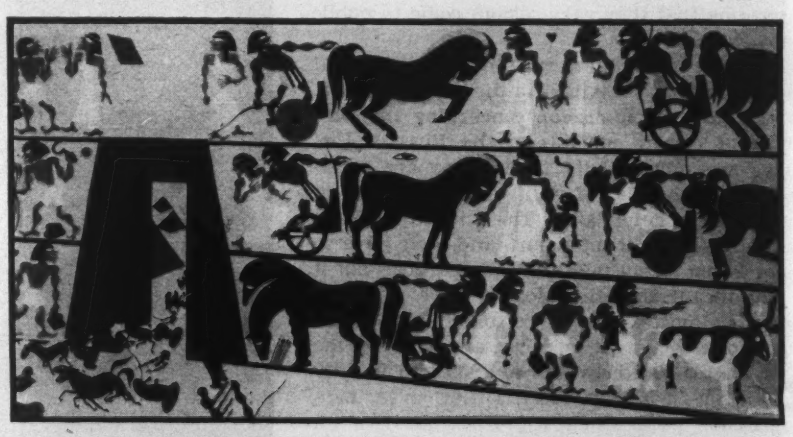
"Nothing New Under the Sun" Even in Modern Warfare

Witty, sophisticated and most cleverly executed are these original comments in paint by Robert La Palme, on the general theme, "Nothing New under the Sun"—even in modern warfare. Now on view at The Fine Art Galleries, Eaton's-College Street, they were originally designed as murals for Valcartier Camp drill hall, but the project was dropped when a new Commanding Officer took over. However, the artist, whose work as a cartoonist and caricaturist for the Quebec weekly, "Le Jour", has won increasing attention, had become so interested that he completed the series. No aspect of warfare, mythological or historical, is neglected by Mr. La Palme. Even the Greeks realized the usefulness of Fifth Columnists, witness the Trojan Horse incident (above). And an Egyptian girl fell for a ride in a jeep with unfortunate consequences, which Mr. La Palme outlines in this Egyptian frieze pattern (below).



Ghengis Khan, according to the artist, was the first exponent of the Blitzkrieg's highly mobile warfare, while Hannibal and the Carthaginians used elephants to terrorize the foe and "mow 'em down" in much the same way that modern warfare employs tanks. As for the ladies' part in warfare, both ancient and modern, La Palme, in the above panel, cites the case of Judith, the Old Testament heroine. Certain it is, that Holofernes lost his head over the fascinating Judith—in more ways than one. The "war of nerves", waged by the threat of even more dreadful weapons to come, is not new—to prove it, La Palme shows us these Renaissance artificers of devilish weapons (below). When shown at the Bonestell Galleries, New York, last spring, these sprightly and richly-colored creations were warmly received by New York critics. More recently they were exhibited at the Montreal Art Association, with equal acclaim. For fuller critical comment on this show, see page 23.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

ing recipient of an annual grant from the province of Ontario which has prisons of its own, and getting no aid from the Kingston Penitentiary, should not do anything about discharged prisoners from the Kingston Penitentiary. This is surely carrying the principle of divided authority to an absurd extreme, and we are glad to know that the society contemplates establishing an affiliate branch in Kingston for the express purpose of dealing with the penitentiary population.

The whole business of the treatment of criminals in the courts, in the places of detention, and in civil life after release is one business, involving the cooperation of the lawmakers, the judiciary, the prison authorities, and the private citizen who are willing to contribute money, time and experience to the work. It is one of the most important tasks that lie before the Canadian people, and one in which this country is far behind most other countries on a similar economic and cultural level.

LITANY FOR AN ECONOMIC CYCLE

THE tissue of the human brain
Is quite insensitive to pain.
Much different from leg or arm
That transmit signs of pain-alarm.
Impacted wisdom teeth are pulled
So that the root of pain is dulled;
The crying stump is further cut,
A growth is quickly excised, but
The tissue of the human brain
Is quite insensitive to pain.
There is no need of surgery,
The doctor's tongue scorns perjury,
Because the operated brain
Is quite insensitive to pain.
The twisted leg is rectified,
(But please have all cheques certified!)
A cure is given for polio,
Does this apply to all? Why no,
For instance there's the human brain
That's quite insensitive to pain.
The hobo sleeping in a ditch
Arouses us to action pitch;
The beauty of our countryside
Means more to us than hunger's hide.
How did he get there? We may guess,
But here's the statement calls for yes:
We hear the tissue of the brain
Is quite insensitive to pain.
Our country's sick, we heal the roads,
We shift the economic loads
From Ottawa to province, then
We mention that the human brain
Is quite insensitive to pain.
We fill some bellies, but not all,
We settle strikes in Montreal
By a sort of labor-laxative;
It's really take but looks like give.
And management and banking trust
And parliament and dry-as-dust
Monopolist again insist:
The tissue of the human brain
Is quite insensitive to pain.

RONALD HAMBLETON

These Were Atrocities

IN THE course of a lecture last week in Toronto, Major Alex. Edmison, who was Deputy Regional Director in the Displaced Persons Division of the U. N. R. R. A. and has been lecturing extensively in the United States on the work of the Division, stated that he found a widespread inclination among Americans to discount as propaganda the stories of the horrors committed in the concentration camps from which most of the Displaced Persons have come. There is reason to suppose that a similar incredulity exists in Canada, and Major Edmison thinks that in both countries there is need for organized effort to keep alive a consciousness of the appalling nature of the atrocities which were widely performed, and officially tolerated and encouraged under Nazi regime.

The reason for that incredulity is easy to understand and not wholly discreditable to the incredulous. People who have lived throughout their lives in the "folksy" kind of communities which predominate on this continent find it almost impossible to believe that there can be, not only individuals, but a whole organized society, capable of such monstrosities of cruelty. But these incredulous people must be made to face the evidence, which is absolutely incontrovertible, and which becomes less difficult of belief when one realizes that the basis of cruelty in all these cases is the belief that the victims are not human beings in the same sense as those who victimize them. A nation which has adopted the concept of superior and inferior races has thrown away the one guarantee of decency and humanity as between man and man. That guarantee has been to a large extent thrown away in many parts of the United States in regard to Negroes. It is in process of being thrown away in parts of Canada in regard to Japanese. It was thrown away throughout Nazi Germany in regard to any and every race which the authorities chose to denounce as "inferior".

Deportation Ruling

THE Supreme Court decision on the Japanese deportations makes the Government's course extremely difficult, should it persist in its declared intention, by compelling it either to break up families, after the good old fashion of the slave dealers of the first half of the nineteenth century, or to differentiate between those deportables who have minor children and those who have not.

The decision is a triumph for the defenders of the rights of citizenship, in so far as it maintains the irrevocable character of the citizenship of persons born in Canada. It is disappointing in so far as it accords to the Government the right to revoke naturalization by an extremely off-hand and arbitrary process. We presume that the court will permit an appeal to the Privy Council, which must in that event be taken. In the meantime, moderate-minded Canadians will remember that not every course which is permissible to a government is necessarily humane, or just, or wise.

Land-Mass Nations

THERE is a good deal of force to the suggestion that isolationism is especially characteristic of nations occupying a large mass of land territory, and internationalism is better developed in nations with relatively small or scattered land territory and easy access to the sea. The great land-mass nations of the age—Germany being eliminated for the time being—are obviously Russia, China and the United States. The tendencies of China are not yet very clearly developed, but isolationism is its historic attitude and is fairly likely to recur when the consequences of a prolonged war with an island power have been more or less ironed out. The isolationism of Russia is perhaps the greatest problem of the age, and there is small hope of doing more than mitigate its more extreme developments, especially in view of the fact that it is reinforced by a unique politico-economic ideology which makes the nation even more suspicious of outsiders. The isolationism of the United States is less uncompromising, because its territory is not merely a land mass but is also in effective contact with two oceans throughout an immense extent of shoreline all of which is open to all-year-round navigation; and it is now the world's greatest maritime power.

It is useless to expect nations to be other than their geography makes them. The gradual improvement of Russia's access to warm water—an improvement which can no longer be effectively resisted or logically argued against now that that nation is one of the foremost world powers—will by degrees mitigate but will never overcome its isolationism. The United States can be counted on to oscillate between isolationism and internationalism as political supremacy swings from the interior to the coast and back again. China, which in the past has never been truly unified because of deficiencies of transportation, and has consequently been divided between an internationalist coastline and a highly nationalist interior, will perhaps become more isolationist as transportation is extended and the interior begins to exercise more influence on the ports.

And Canada will continue to be torn between the isolationism of its American associations and the internationalism of its relations with the far-flung British Commonwealth and the other maritime powers of Western Europe.

This Is Murder

THREE young Montrealers, who killed an old man in his own home in the course of a burglary in December, found the charge against them reduced by the jury last week from murder to manslaughter and were given life sentences in two cases and a fifteen-year sentence in the third.

When an old man is killed by a deadly weapon in the hands of one of a group of persons who are attempting to rob him, and who have conspired to make that attempt and to use weapons in connection with it, the crime is murder and not manslaughter. The definition of manslaughter is "unlawful homicide without malice aforethought". It has two main forms, neither of which has the slightest resemblance to the present case. One is killing under grave and sudden provocation, the mitigating factor being absence of time for reflection or planning. The other is killing as a result of rashness or negligence in matters involving danger to life, as in operating vehicles or handling dangerous weapons.

The Montreal jury, in common with many other recent Canadian juries, was really expressing the view, not that this kind of killing was not murder, but that murder performed by young persons and as a result of the victim's resistance to another crime should not be punished by death. If the view taken by these juries is the view of the Canadian people, it should be so declared by an amendment to the Criminal Code. Until such an amendment is passed juries have no right to alter the law in individual cases. Scores of law-abiding men and women have been killed by hoodlums in recent years in Canada merely because they resisted attempts to steal the property of themselves or their employers; scores, and possibly hundreds, more have saved their lives only by allowing the hoodlums to have their way. The prevalence of this crime is materially increased by the confidence of the criminals that they will escape the death penalty.

It may be noted that this policy on the part of juries results in there being but little difference between the punishment for killing and that for merely committing an assault, in similar circumstances. The day after the Montreal sentence a Toronto judge gave another young man eleven years and twelve strokes of the strap for robbing and beating a jeweller, who was slugged on the head with the butt of a gun but was not too seriously damaged to be able to open his safe for the robber afterwards. Obviously the robbers might as well finish off their victim and thereby remove at least one very dangerous witness against them.

ONE GREAT ROOM

DISCOVER to the heart the quenchless fire
that lights the secrecy behind the dark
portentous shadows, as the singing lark
festoons the silence with unnamed desire.
Behind the fringing cloud unveil the moon,
ignite the stars, open the lotus-cup
and on its manna let the weary sup.
Rekindle joy to greet the toiling noon
with canticles from beauty's hidden stores.
So shall enfeebled hearts grow strong to dare
and song grow lambent on the sparkling air.
So life move onward to an upper floor
of selfless service, gathering space
in one great room to house the human race.

MARY LEDINGHAM

Too Much Sovietism

THE *Canadian Tribune*, organ of the Labor-Progressive party, is not much in favor of the freedom of the press. It wants the Canadian people to be "brought to understand" that the real issue in the spy case is "the sabotage of world peace by a revival of anti-Sovietism". Moreover, "Part of the understanding must include measures to curb and control an irresponsible press and radio". It appears that the press has been fomenting war and uttering political slanders, and that these things "are crimes which should be so regarded and so punished by the United Nations".

This is scarcely surprising as coming from a journal which regards the Soviet system as the highest achievement of the political wisdom of mankind. But it seems to suggest that the *Canadian Tribune* thinks that Canada is ready for a larger amount of Soviet theory and practice than the great majority of Canadians have given any indication of wanting. Canadians do not much like to have their newspapers curbed and controlled even by their own government, not to say by the United Nations, which organization, incidentally, has no machinery for curbing and controlling newspapers and radio, and would certainly not be allowed to do any such curbing and controlling in Russia even if it had.

In the one period in which the Canadian government did do some curbing and controlling, in the early part of the war, the *Canadian Tribune* was almost the only paper which had to be curbed, as it was then violently opposed to Canada's participation in the attempt to restrain the aggressions of Germany and Italy.

The Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

SO THAT our M.P.s may better hear one another's speeches, a public address system is being installed in the House of Commons chamber in Ottawa but no explanation has been offered that would indicate why members wish to hear one another's speeches.

•

Marshall Field, Chicago publisher, is reported to have offered Winston Churchill over one million dollars for a book on the war. The material rewards for writing history seem to be somewhat more generous than for the making of it.

•

Following the official release of a few hundred words covering the international spy story, Ottawa newsmen are said to have written as much as 120,000 words daily ever since. These boys sure know how to make a little go a long way further.

•

The Saskatchewan Legislature claims to be the first in Canada to carry debates over the air, and which can be heard over a radius of 200 miles. Up to the time of writing, no mass migration of population from the affected area has been reported.

•

Premier Drew, in a recent address, warns Canadians against Communists in sheep's clothing. On the other hand, the opinion is widely held that such clothing is most appropriate.

•

An oil painting of Prime Minister King by a famous British artist is now on exhibition in the London Royal Academy. Moscow has not yet intimated that the exhibit is incompatible with good relations between the Soviet Union and the Academy trustees.

•

With the end of liquor rationing promised by Premier Duplessis, Quebecers will soon be able to ask for an unlimited supply of many unobtainable brands.

•

In order to meet the recent complaint about weather forecasting being so noticeably out of line with the stuff that actually turns up, may we suggest better results would be achieved by limiting the forecasting personnel to employees with rheumaticky joints.

•

In total disregard of the call of a milk delivery strike, a Detroit horse is reported to have ambled over his familiar route without benefit of driver. He is now threatened with suspension by the Union and a fine of one bag of oats.

•

Col. Hardy Amies, famous London dress designer, speaking of his latest creation says: "Hips are important; I've discreetly padded them to accentuate the forward movement." It is now up to the men to take suitable precautions for their self-defence.

•

Before submitting their manuscripts to editors, spring poets are advised to remove last year's rejection slips.

•

In these days, it's no good telling a disgruntled fellow that he doesn't know on which side his bread is buttered. He doesn't.

•

After reading a Washington report that 500 million doughnuts are consumed annually in the United States, Junior wants to know what happens to the holes discarded by consumers.

•

From a Hollywood fashion note: "Having successfully revealed the shoulders, stripped the back, uncovered the knee, and bared the midriff, dress designers are now looking for other parts of the female figure that will stand exposure." Our niece Ettie says they could have lots of fun with the skeleton in the cupboard.

•

James Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, has ruled that no radio stations are to be allowed to relay foreign musical programs. It seems a pity that it took a fellow like Petrillo to think up this great idea first.

•

The human head, says a hairdressers' journal, has 1,650,850 hairs. A glance at our male colleagues of the editorial staff convinces us that this figure is too optimistic.

•

A Chicago woman has won a divorce suit on the grounds that her husband slapped her every time she wore slacks. Husbands are advised to think twice before succumbing to this temptation.

Borstal Proves That True Test Of a Prison . . .

Similar to the "open" Borstal described in this article is this open farm camp operated in connection with Wakefield Prison for long-term prisoners of the "Star" class.

Interior of one of the huts where inmates sleep and eat and do all their chores. They are proud of winning the challenge cup (on table), awarded for best-kept mess.

This entrance gate to New Hall Camp, built by the men, testifies to pride they take in beautifying their camp.

By H. R. Holroyd

"H . . . . .y B . . y Camp?" In answer to our question the tall young chap cleaning out the drainage ditch on the edge of the field, straightened up from his task and regarded us smilingly.

"You're on the right track, sir . . . Just keep on down this hill and turn off at the first side-road to the left. You can see it from here." He pointed into the valley below.

Yes, from the spot where we had halted our car on the hilltop, we could see the separate buildings of what might have been a summer camp in any Northern Ontario vacation spot. It was H...y B..y Camp, our destination and reason for being in this part of the English countryside.

We left him standing there alone as we drove on. I glanced back and he gave me a cheerful wave of the hand.

"You can't beat these country lads," I remarked to my companion. "Did you ever see such color?"

"Country lad—?" My friend smiled. "It's plain to see you can't differentiate between our various English dialects. No Suffolkman ever spoke like that. That lad was raised within the sound of the Bow Bells."

"You mean — ?"

My friend nodded. . . "Yes, he's one of them. This is an open camp, you know. The young men here belong to the Star class, usually those who are in prison for the first time, though you know of course, other factors besides a man's record, such things as age, development, general make-up, attitude towards others, determine what type of Borstal training he's assigned to. In camps like this, it's the rule for men to work on their own like this chap, with no one to watch them.

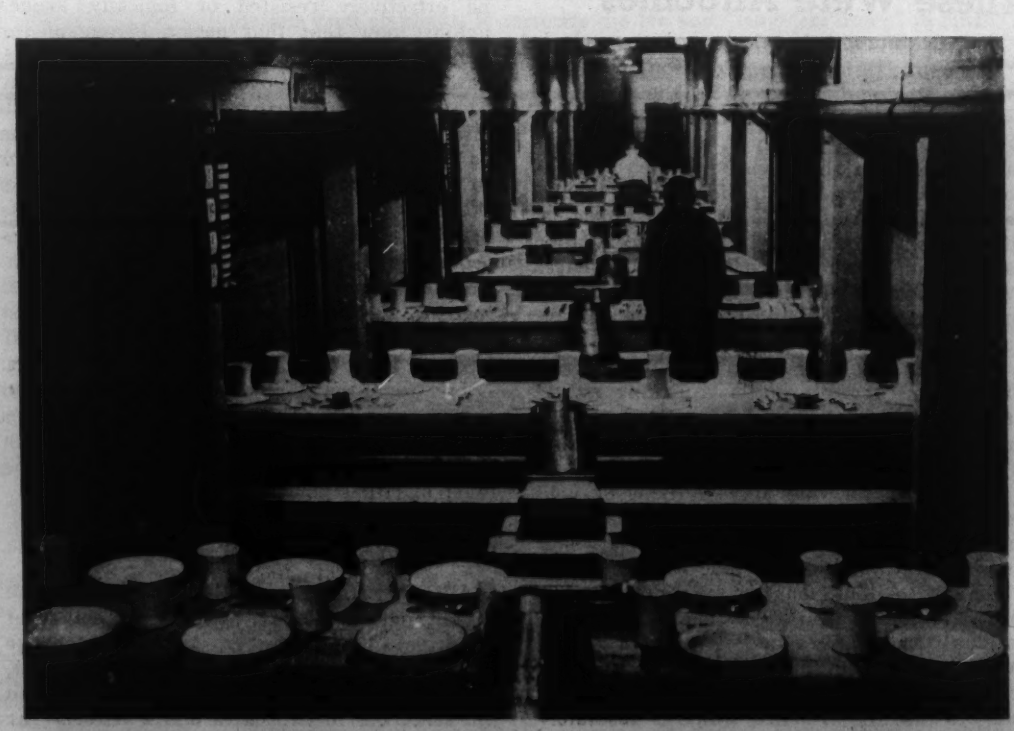
SOMETIMES they take so wholeheartedly to country life that, as they progress and develop capabilities of trust and responsibility, they go out every day on their own to work for neighboring farmers, returning to the camp at night to sleep. If, when their sentence is up, or if they are released on conditional licence, 'parole', I think you call it, permanent work may be found for them on farms through one of the local 'Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies'. There are a number of these functioning for different parts of the country. Their work is local and voluntary, though they do get Government grants, and the State supervises their operation to ensure that this prisoner 'rehab' and follow-up work is properly done according to certain principles and standards... But that's getting ahead of ourselves. You came to see H....y B..y Camp—and here it is."

By this time we were driving through a graceful rural entrance gate, obviously the work of someone with an eye for rustic design, but it was merely a gate — there was no enclosure or "security" wall of any kind. The camp consisted of some 10 to 15 separate houses, or "huts" of frame, ranged as it were along a street. As most of the men, except those assigned to hut-orderly duty for the day were out at work, we had a chance to inspect the interior of one of these. Everything was scrupulously clean — but somehow not austerely institutionally so. Each of the ten to fifteen inmates of each hut is responsible for the tidying of his own bunk and belongings, though such things as sweeping out, setting the table for meals, and other general cleaning were the responsibility of the orderlies, also inmates, who took regular turns at these duties, just as they would in any similar cooperative summer camp in Canada.

There was an intimate homelikeness about the room, with pictures and snaps on the walls above the various beds, which in the daytime lean up against the wall to make more room, for now the hut's dining table was set for the evening meal. And set with china, not tin! Obviously this was a place where men lived and which they took pride in keeping shipshape.

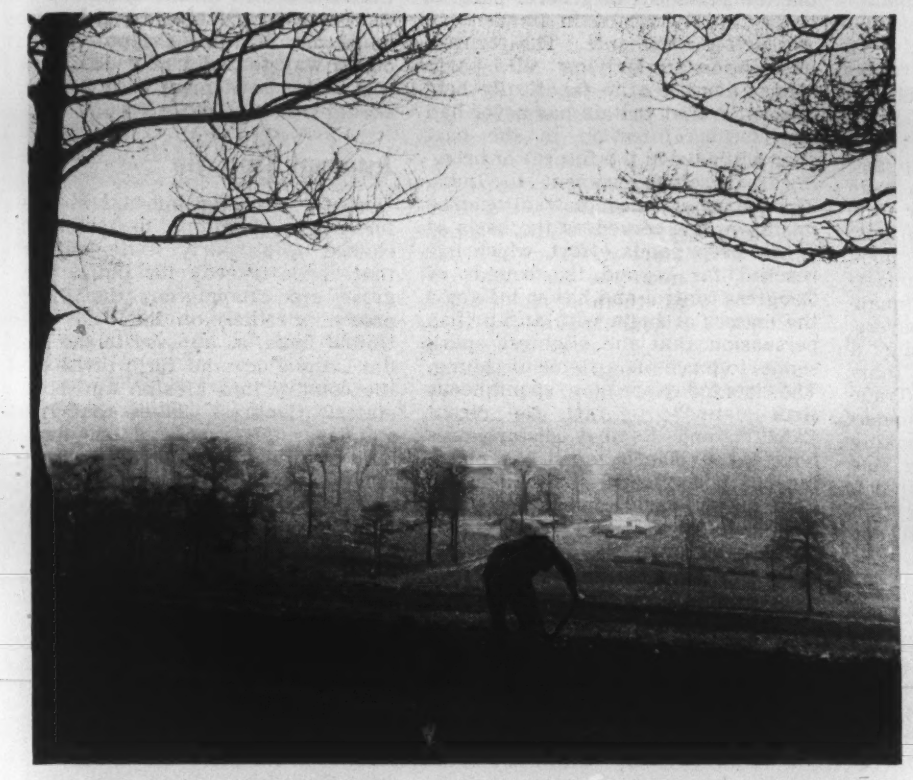
But now the men were coming in, in ones and twos, or groups of five and six, but with no marching in regular file, like road gangs brought in from assigned tasks. Most of them carried their tools and they were chatting and laughing. What's more,

This chapel of the camp is the recreation room on weekdays. Here, in the evenings, the men may work at handicrafts or hobbies, read, listen to the radio or play games.



Wakefield, perhaps best-known of Britain's prison training centres, is built round a central hall. Each wing is known as a "House". Here: dining room of one of the "houses".

...Is What Happens to Man When He Comes Out



The camp lies in the valley, where it is hidden by the trees. Above it, an inmate works by the side of a lane, with no one to watch over him.

Men at New Hall Camp cultivate the land and look after the camp's poultry and livestock.

No prison garb is worn. It's difficult to tell the instructor (facing camera) from the prisoners.

none of them wore what even faintly resembled prison garb. Their drill overalls wouldn't set them apart from any other group of farm workers. Camp supervisors and "prisoners", if you could call them that, were all dressed alike.

Appetites were keen after nine-hours work out-of-doors, so they fell to with a will upon plates of good nourishing food. There was no sense of restraint, no rule of silence here — everyone talked. After supper, books and magazines appeared and one chap had a mandolin.

It all added up to something even a casual visitor couldn't miss, a sense of comradeship, of community pride in their "hut" and their "camp", compounded of the individual's acceptance of responsibility for his share in it, something which would help them become responsible members of the wider community when they were released. Call it *esprit de corps*, if you will, but that in essence is the British Borstal System's method of building up character through trust leading to responsibility.

On this general principle and through the careful system of selecting the boys and men to fit into the particular type of Borstal; also in the extra care which is taken to supply a very high grade type of supervisory staff, is built Britain's revolutionary Borstal System for reclaiming men and boys past the age of the juvenile court. Convicted offenders, not less than 16, nor more than 23 years of age (although before the war an effort was being made to extend this classification to men in higher age brackets, up to 26, and perhaps as high as 30) are classified on the basis of age, development, record and general make-up and each is sent to the Borstal providing the conditions and type of training best suited to their needs. In some cases, they may be assigned to an open camp, like the one described, but the newly-convicted prisoner is more likely to go to one of the "closed" Borstals, where the buildings have a "security" wall, although activities are not confined within the wall.

REGULAR physical training, useful and interesting work in a workshop or on land, and active evenings with educational or handicraft classes, a quiet hour for reading and writing or listening to the radio, these are the usual elements in a day in any one of Britain's eight Borstal institutions for men. In the larger centres each institution is organized in Houses, with a Housemaster, Matron and House staff, and outside working hours each House organizes its own activities in its own way: standardization is not sought. In the shops or on building work the young men learn to do skilled work, though they don't learn a trade in the strictest sense.

Does Borstal reform men? The figures say yes. Out of every 10 from Borstal institutions in the period from 1930-41, the record shows that 7 or 8 are restored to honorable places in society. Does the reformed man continue to go straight? Well, these figures represent the status of former Borstal inmates who have been back in a normal community for not less than two years; which should be a pretty fair index to the permanence of their reform.

Even more impressive tribute to the efficiency of the Borstal System is the astounding reduction of Britain's prison population in twenty years from 186,000 to 46,000 in 1942. Now, compare that with Canada's alarming increase in its number of indictable crimes between 1900 and 1944 from 5,768 to 42,511, a matter of 637 per cent. Even worse is this country's number of young offenders. Of the total admission to Canadian penitentiaries during the last published fiscal year (1944), fifty per cent of all male admissions were young men under 24.

Does the Borstal System cost more? Comparative figures for annual per capita cost at Guelph Reformatory of $500 as against $715 for Borstal would indicate that it does. But the real question is not — Can we afford it? — but can Canada afford *not* to install a system, or something similar, with of course, necessary modifications to suit conditions here, which pays such huge dividends in salvaging human lives?

This is Wakefield's central hall. Here, hang paintings and drawings, representing spare-time work of inmates.

Training as gardeners. Wakefield prisoners are men who cannot go back to old jobs, so they are taught new trades.

Weaving is one of the semi-skilled trades taught here and inmates learn to operate up-to-date power machines.

Besides an artificial pond, the men in the farm camp have built this stone-arched bridge and rock garden.

Canada May Play Helpful Part in Indian Crisis

By GLENN KEITH COWAN

In this second article on India's affairs, Mr. Cowan, who has recently returned from that country, stresses the importance of Canada's adopting a sense of responsibility towards Eastern countries, particularly India, and outlines promising trade possibilities.

Continuing with a study of the Indian political situation, the writer points out that the Congress Party, although largely composed of Hindus, desires a United India on a non-religious, non-racial basis. Opposed to this are the Muslim League demands for a separate Muslim country, called Pakistan, in Northern India.

The problem now facing Britain, violently expressed recently in numerous riots and strikes, is more serious than ever before. Viceroy Lord Wavell and the Sir Stafford Cripps mission, now on its way to India, will need all the assistance they can obtain in presenting a solution both workable and attractive to the various influential groups. Even sympathy and practical aid from the Dominions will help.

FRONT page headlines in the daily press of the last few weeks have served to emphasize the critical and explosive nature of the Indian political situation. It requires no prophetic vision to predict a continuation of riots, strikes, bloodshed and a growing tension in that sad country. Indeed, unless certain positive steps are taken on all sides a first class revolution and civil war could readily develop, for the seeds of such strife are long planted and firmly rooted.

Canada has announced its intention of sending a High Commissioner to India to open up a direct relationship. This is highly important and necessary. But behind such a move must rest intelligent public support, born of a desire to see Canada taking responsibilities throughout the world, the kind of actions which build bridges between nations and break down the massive barriers of fear which are rising out of misunderstanding, ignorance and prejudice; and actions backed with a fair and comprehensive knowledge of the countries Canada would contact.

A new mission of reconciliation with the East is an immediate task for Western diplomacy. Anti-white propaganda grows in volume and intensity throughout the East, and we who can see that these seeds of mistrust provide fertile ground for future warmongers face no alternative other than a great effort to overcome the barriers now building.

But let us not talk of reconciliation if we ourselves are guilty of the kind of feelings we wish to see changed in the Easterner.

The Indian trade question merits greater consideration and more active enthusiasm than Ottawa apparently affords it. India needs almost everything that Canada can offer. Imminent famine warnings put her food requirements at the top of the list and close behind come factory machinery and various farm implements, which are badly needed to continue the industry-building program which spurted ahead during the war and the modernizing program in land development.

More Indian Imports

Canada remains the stumbling block to increased trade. At present India imports from us far in excess of our importations from her, and already complaints have come from the Government of India regarding this unbalanced business. The situation requires corrective action, for the simplest economics count increased trade as mutual gain. India produces a wealth of goods which would readily sell in Canada with proper encouragement and advertising. There are leather equipment, a vast assortment of fancy woodworks, ivory carvings, jewelery, precious stones, luxury furniture and furnishings, fancy cloth and many more basic commodities, such as hemp, rice, cotton and tropical hardwoods.

Although Indian workmanship may lack the finesse of Western-made goods this need not deter the development of Canadian markets. The Indians are capable of good workmanship, providing they understand clearly the quality of workmanship required by Canadian buyers. Make our buying prerequisite a high standard of quality and India will satisfy that standard. Trade should be an avenue of better understanding if we do our share in making it a balanced trade. But if our sole concern is the capturing of Indian markets, we have done no more than increase Indian suspicion and distrust.

Many Factors

Understanding Indian politics taxes the average man's patience severely. It takes a very brave, or a very ignorant, man to claim a full knowledge of the Indian story, for what he postulates today may be entirely misleading by tomorrow. It is a nation—or rather a continent—of many different races and languages; a country of mountains, plains, deserts, jungles and vast distances; a political hodge-podge of princely states and British Indian provinces, with forms of government ranging from the fiercest medieval despotism among some of the states to the growing democracy of British held areas. It is a land of unbelieveable wealth largely concentrated in the hands of princes, great land-owners and industrialists, and a land of stark poverty ever near the point of famine. The very old and the very new exist side by side in a happy and more than often unhappy combination. Street cars and aeroplanes, wooden ploughs and broken temples, exemplify this contrast.

Today, powerful political. religious, and human forces tug at the heart of India and make it the most disturbed country in the East. The Congress party remains the greatest power in India and Mr. Gandhi still maintains his grip over its policies. In fact, the party cannot be properly understood except in terms of the aged Mahatma and his curious ideas and often more curious processes of thinking. He remains its inspiration and driving force. The whole of Hindu India reveres Gandhi as a kind of holy man, the savior of his country, and in the knowledge of his great popularity with the masses Gandhi can call the tune of the Congress party whenever he wants. Few dare stand against him, and should they do so, ostracization surely and quickly follows. Congress has never properly forgiven two of their best and most popular leaders, lawyer Bhulabhai Desai and C. Rajagopalacharia, (called "C.R."), who refused to revolt against Britain when the Japs were coming up through Burma. The balanced judgments and wide experience of these men the Congress could well afford to use more fully today.

Nehru

Next to Gandhi comes Jawaharal Nehru whom Gandhi has pushed into the limelight from the start and who will unquestionably succeed Gandhi to power when the latter dies. Popular concept pictures Gandhi as the great spiritual force of the party and Nehru the driving practical politician. Curiously enough the president of Congress is a Muslim, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. He held the presidency in 1923 and was elected again in 1940 and represents a small group of Muslim intellectuals who still maintain their ties with the Congress party.

About these three men are gathered a central committee who formulate congress policy and constitute its real power. Some of these men also wield considerable influence, particularly Sirdar Vallabhbhai Patel, the most violently anti-British member of the committee.

Congress policy has been by no means consistent in detail throughout the years but in general purpose it has hardly varied in its demand for self-government. The central assumption underlying all party efforts has been the fanatically held conviction that Britain has never had any serious intention in the past (nor will have in the future) of bringing real self-government to India. This hard-held idea, now altogether mistaken, has served as the basis of a vast propaganda effort, which has reached far beyond the bounds of Congress control and has so inflamed the masses of India with anti-British persuasion that the slightest spark serves to touch off a flame of rioting. The riots today are more spontaneous than planned; in fact, the recent Calcutta and Bombay disturbances have taken place against the pleadings of party leaders, although the Communist party must accept a large share of responsibility for heaping oil upon the flames.

The central theme of Congress propaganda has advanced from "Home Rule" to "Quit India", the riot slogan of 1942. Officially Congress insists upon complete independence, although Nehru told me last summer that once India had established the fact of free choice, she would by treaty maintain a close relationship with Britain, thereby creating a Dominion status—in effect if not in name. He fully realized there could be no complete and sudden disruption of all British ties but wanted the choice of which ones India should retain. If Britain manages to convince the Congress leaders that she really means business, and the present parliamentary delegation under Sir Stafford Cripps which is on its way to India may accomplish this feat, a settlement with Congress should result.

Internal Struggle

But the growing internal struggle for power threatens to wreck the chance of an early settlement and that spells tragedy for India. Congress are campaigning during the present elections on the basis of a United India, as opposed to the Muslim League demand for a division of the country into Muslim and Hindu states. Congress claims that India stands as one race and one nation indivisible and says there is no fundamental quarrel between the Hindu and Muslim peoples. On the other hand, to accommodate the powerful Princely states and minority peoples, the Congress policy charter allows self-determination in any areas where a minority race is concentrated (having there a majority population) and votes in favor of political independence. As a political party the Congress attempts a non-racial and non-religious basis and seeks to embrace Muslims, Hindus, Christians, Jains and others within its folds. Until Mr. Jinnah broke away and revitalized the Muslim League this policy worked fairly

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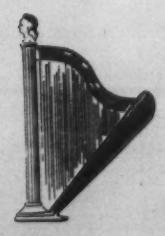

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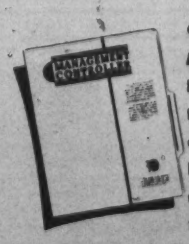

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effectively, but now in fact the Congress organization, except for Azad and like men, is entirely Hindu.

On internal social issues Congress has no unified program, for industrialists and socialists combine within its ranks only on the program of a fight for independence. Nehru told me that he expected the party to split into conservative and socialist groups once independence removes the unifying factor.

No one can assess the strength of the Congress party with certain accuracy. In the Central Assembly elections during December they polled about fifty per cent of the total vote, almost entirely of Hindu composition. But that vote represents a limited franchise and all the parties have reached out far beyond such bounds to the masses of Indians in every walk of life. How deep an impression politics make on the millions of famine conscious peasants to whom food is the great problem of life one can hardly judge, but throughout the breadth of Hindustan, Mahatma Gandhi and his Congress party have become household idioms.

Mohammed Ali Jinnah is the fire and genius of the Muslim League. Educated like Gandhi and Nehru in Britain, he returned to India and joined the ranks of the all-inclusive Congress party and became one of its most influential leaders. But differing with them he became estranged, until in 1936 he adopted the Muslim League and plunged into direct political opposition to Congress. So ended the inspiring picture of Indian unity which Congress sought to present.

As the title suggests the League includes only Mohammedans and there are ninety million of them living in India. Jinnah holds the reputation of being one of the most astute lawyers in the country and this aptitude has helped him bring almost the entire Muslim population into the League party, either as sympathetic bystanders or active participants. One by one he has drawn distinguished Muslim leaders away from the Congress or from inactivity into a position of direct support. In the December elections he polled practically the whole Mohammedan vote.

Underlying League activity rests a fear of the numerical strength of Hindu India and of the possible ambitions of Hindu leaders. By population—175 millions to 90 millions—the Hindus carry a clear majority and could under an open democratic voting system quite easily dominate the country to the exclusion of the Muslim people. Couple this with a deep seated hatred of Hinduism and a complete distrust of Congress Hindu leaders and you have the reasons for Muslim League demands.

Separate Muslim State

Jinnah insists upon the creation of a separate Muslim state, called Pakistan, in the areas of northern India where his people can claim a majority population. Before he will even agree to a temporary settlement of extensive negotiations with Congress, he demands that Congress agree to the principle of two separate nations. And in the next breath, when asked to define what he means by Pakistan, he refuses to give the proposed country any set boundaries, leaving it a mere political catch-word inspiring far-reaching ambitions among the proudest Mohammedans who once ruled India, and drawing suspicion and enmity from Congress.

"Gandhi could end the whole quarrel in ten minutes by proclaiming his acceptance of Pakistan," announced Jinnah last December.

"How can I accept something he won't define," argues Gandhi.

But behind this obvious political maneuvring lies a seething foment of racial hatred, racial pride and intolerance, which the Muslim League openly encourages and lesser figures of the Congress try to inflame. While such feelings continue to make an almost insurmountable barrier of fear and mistrust, there will be no truly workable solution.

Britain's withdrawal from India is timed for the day Congress and Muslim League come to an agreement on the future Indian political set-up. Lord Wavell with the help of Sir Stafford Cripps and his mission when they arrive must create a new kind of atmosphere in which Congress and the League can learn to work together. A Canadian High Commissioner on the spot representing a nation which has found a working agreement between two races of people might well help create this new spirit, providing Ottawa gets him there in time!

Christian Leaders

Of importance, I believe, is the fact that a number of highly placed, seriously thinking Indians have begun to listen more earnestly to the pleadings of native and Western Indian Christian leaders who claim for Christianity the answer to racial hatred and an end to fear. That India's troubles have roots deep in the failings of human nature which must be met fundamentally on that level stands out for these men with stark reality.

Three other major parties help confuse the political scene, the Untouchables, the Hindu Mahasaba and the Communists, but they carry no real weight in the main issue.

Dr. Bhimrao Ramji Ambekdar, scholarly untouchable leader, seeks to maintain the sixty million outcasts separate from the Congress party who actively solicit their support. He fears that a Hindu dominated India might take away from his people many privileges secured under British rule.

The Hindu Mahasaba violently oppose all Muslim political efforts and represent the narrowest Hindu tradition. They denounce Congress for dealing with Jinnah at all and cry for a Hindu India, dominated by the majority race. Their following is small and mostly in Bengal.

Communist Activity

The Communist party, following the clearly defined steps of their brethren throughout the world, went against the war and Britain in 1940, and then became aggressively pro-war and pro-British in 1941 when Russia got into the fight. Now with peace declared it has reverted to vicious Anti-British activity. Congress took exception to their vacillations and removed their names from all party rolls (previously Communists joined up with the Congress) and the Communist party is fighting the present elections as a separate entity for the first time. Much of the violence in the recent rioting comes through Communist activity for they do not accept Gandhi's conception of non-violence. A large number of the young intelligenzia have swung to a Marxist approach, although not usually joining the party. Actual members are drawn largely from city workers and are led by Russian trained experts. Communist influence will increase fairly swiftly if past growth is any indication.

One third of India lies under the rule of great Princes who are kings in their own states. Yet, in spite of their power, they are not likely to figure prominently in the coming negotiations, for they have one thing in mind—the retention of their position in their own states—and no major party has openly challenged them. All seem willing to let them retain their status quo.

Indian political ferment has reached the point of crisis and we may soon look for a turning that may spell darkness or may bring hope. Where help can be given, Canadians must act quickly and effectively.

WHAT MAKES HIGHER WAGES?

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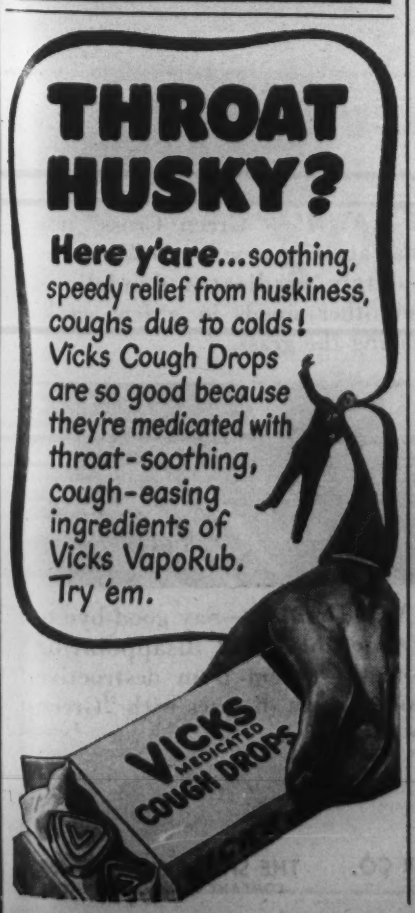

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This means that such papers will be no more plentiful this year than they were in 1945—and are likely to be in even shorter supply. Although some wartime controls may be lifted, paper quotas will remain in effect for some time. Mills and merchants will continue to make every effort to distribute the supply of fine papers as equitably as possible, under Wartime Prices and Trade Board regulations.

But it will be necessary for all users of fine papers to reduce their purchases during 1946 or to defer some parts of their orders until the supply begins to catch up with the demand. Before ordering stationery or printed matter, please check with your printer to learn whether the paper is available—and then order only for immediate requirements.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Redistribution of Seats Certain But How and When Are Questions

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

NOT the least contentious of the measures which will be enacted in the forthcoming session will be that providing for a redistribution of seats. There are several alternative policies, and it may be that the government has already decided upon which it will follow. But whichever it chooses it is almost certain to arouse opposition from one quarter or another.

What is the situation? Under normal circumstances there would have been a redistribution in the session of 1943, but an amendment was then passed deferring a readjustment "until the first session of the Parliament of Canada commencing after the cessation of hostilities."

The Fathers of Confederation, embracing those who were from the Province of Canada and had just come through 27 years of almost perpetual controversy over the principle of "representation by population," wrote into the constitution a provision by which Quebec was to have 65 seats in the House of Commons and all others proportionately, in the ratio which their population bore to the population of Quebec. Had they gone no further, the readjustment from decade to decade would have been on strictly mathematical lines, with a strong illusion, if not guarantee, of complete equity. However, this simple principle was modified (Section 37, sub-section 4), so as to protect the representation of any province from reduction so long as the decline in its population, relative to the population of the entire Dominion, was less than one-twentieth—five per cent—in any decade. Furthermore, in 1915 an additional protection against loss of membership in the House was provided by an amendment to the B.N.A. Act that notwithstanding any decline in population relative to the whole of Canada no province would have fewer members in the House than they had in the Senate.

Theoretical Distribution

Had it not been for the postponement due to the war, and to these two "saving" clauses, there would have been a redistribution before the general election of June, 1945, and the members for each province would now have been as shown below:

Province	Present Seats	According to Pop.
P. E. I.	4	2
Nova Scotia	12	11
New Brunswick	10	9
Quebec	65	65
Ontario	82	75
Manitoba	17	14
Saskatchewan	21	18
Alberta	17	16
Br. Columbia	16	16
Yukon	1	1
	245	227

Prince Edward Island, however, is protected by the clause which provides that Commoners shall not be fewer than Senators. No matter how her population falls in relation to the Dominion total, she will continue to have four representatives in the House of Commons, since she has four Senators. New Brunswick will be protected against the loss of one, because she has ten Senators and must not have less than ten Commoners. The population of Ontario has in three successive decades declined in proportion to the whole Dominion, but each time she has been saved from loss of seats because the decline has been less than five per cent at any one time. Saskatchewan and Manitoba both declined more at the last census than the minimum one-twentieth, and are both due to lose seats. Alberta lost less than 2 per cent and so keeps her 17 seats.

Anomalies are beginning to show up, and they will become more marked. The most obtrusive is the representation of Ontario *vis-a-vis* Quebec. On a strict ratio basis, calculated on the 1941 census, Ontario should have 75 seats to Quebec's 65, but will actually have 82.

Not Until 1950

What will make the disparity harder to justify is that the redistribution may not take effect until 1950 (assuming that the present Parliament lasts five years). In that event the population of Quebec will presumably have risen still nearer to that of Ontario. In a projection published last month by the Dominion Board of Statistics, the 1951 population of Quebec is forecast, under certain assumptions which are fully stated, as being 3,822,000 and that of Ontario 4,051,000. That is the ratio of 65 to 69. In other words, on a strict application of the formula, Ontario might, in 1950 or 1951, be entitled to not more than 69 seats against Quebec's 65.

The actual ratio will not, in all probability, be quite so disadvantageous to Ontario; first, because the projection made by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics takes no account of the large influx of people into Ontario from other provinces during the later war years, many of whom will stay, and because a second set of calculations, which the statisticians think likely to be nearer actual experience, shows the gap between Ontario and Quebec in 1951 somewhat wider than that quoted above. But these refinements do not alter the situation materially.

Ontario, to repeat, will be entitled to 82 seats at the hypothetical general election of 1950, under the present wording of the British North America Act, even if a stricter count of noses would give her only 75 seats according to the 1941 count and no more than 71 or 72 according to the actual population of 1950.

Will the electors of Quebec accept this situation? Suppose its members ask for an amendment to the British North America Act, to restore the strict principle of "representation by population?" How could a request of that kind be turned down without violating the requirements of justice and equity? It will be recalled that this was one of the livest issues in the decade before Confederation. When the Act of Union joined Upper and Lower Canada, the population of Lower Canada exceeded that of Upper Canada, but they were given equal representation so that the English-Canadians of Ontario should not be tyrannized over by a French-Canadian majority (Canadian Federation, by Dr. R. G. Trotter; J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., page 26). But in the 1850's the rising tide of population in Upper Canada passed that of Lower Canada, and the demand for equitable representation, based on population, became the dominant question in Canadian politics.

Face-saving Method

Now the shoe is on the other foot again.

Those provinces which are due to lose materially in any distribution, especially since they know that other provinces are being protected against any such loss, are likely to favor a rectification by an increase in the number of Quebec seats. If the number of Quebec seats were raised from 65 to 75, for example, and the others calculated accordingly, the total number of seats would be about 260 as against the present 245. Manitoba and Saskatchewan would maintain their present representation, Nova Scotia, Alberta and British Columbia would each gain a seat or two. Ontario would be entitled to 85 seats as against Quebec's 75, on the basis of the 1941 census. This might, all around, be the "face-saving" way out of the difficulty, and if a total of 245 members was justified for a population of less than 10 million, as in 1925, a House of 260 members would not be excessive for a population of over 12 millions, as now.

(Wartime Financial Adviser to the Minister of Munitions & Supply)

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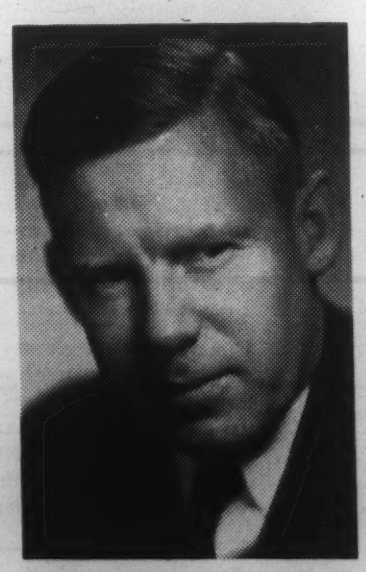

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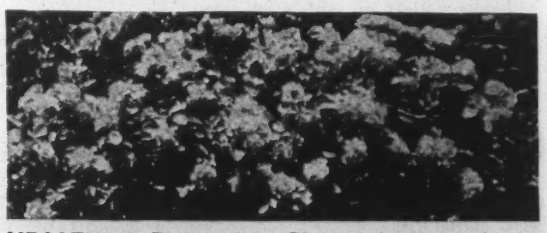

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Postwar Song of The Shirt With Apologies to Hood

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

WITH feet that are weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy with strain,
A woman tramps the department store,
Seeking a shirt in vain.

Shop, Shop, Shop,
She mutters as she marches,
And oh what the shortage of shirts has done
To her metatarsal arches.

Shop, shop, shop,
The Men's Wear's an illusion,
Where dressing-gowns spread their flowery folds
And ties bloom in profusion.
The snapper brims are laid in rows,
The cases gleam with light.
The paisley scarves invite our gaze.
There are no shirts in sight.

The salesclerk stands aloof,
Watching us search and flounder,
As idle as a painted clerk
Behind a painted counter.
And as our cares increase,
His own grow less and less.
His shelves are filled with boxes and
Each box with emptiness.

O, clerks with mothers dear,
O, clerks with sisters and wives,
It isn't time you are wearing out
But human creatures' lives.
It's human faith you are fraying thin
As you shake your heads and say,
"We had shirts once. We'll have shirts soon.
We have no shirts today."

Clerks, clerks, clerks.
Your cold indifference hurts us.
We know of course that it isn't you
Who shortages us on shirtses.
The ceiling price has checked the stream
And dammed it at its sources.
But haven't you *one* left-over shirt
In all your boxes and drawerses?

We'd like a shirt that is plain or striped,
But we will not look askance
At a shirt that is checkered or flowered or scrolled
Or patterned with elephants.
Of course, we'd prefer a shirt that fits,
Pre-shrunk, and not too loose,
But any old shirt that's the shape of a shirt
Is a shirt that we wouldn't refuse.

By day we hunt, by night we mend,
By night and day we worry,
And day and night we plot to snare
Our non-existent quarry.
The quest devours our waking hours,
It haunts us in our sleep.
Dear God, that shirts should be so rare
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Patch—patch—patch,
But we never can patch enough,
As we piece and mend the unmanly rags
That cover the men we love.
It's oh, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work.

MEND—mend—mend.
Our labor never flags.
And what are our wages? A gloomy mate
And a shirt that is still in rags.
What is our hope? A vague report
Of a promise of abatement
Based on the hint from an unnamed source
Of a (future) government statement.

Piece—piece—piece,
From weary chime to chime,
This band is done, this seam is sprung,
The gusset's gone this time.
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons we fall asleep
And sew them on in a dream.

Search—search—search,
For the shirt that's never found,
From store to store and floor to floor
We travel the weary round.
Oh, quest that warps the soul,
Oh, passion that obsesses!
For Two-Ninety-Eight we'd buy our mate
The poisoned shirt of Nessus.

Quarrel—quarrel—quarrel,
The word that strikes and hurts,
The temper with a saw-toothed edge,
More ravelled than our shirts.
So let the Powers take note,
As they dabble with re-converting,
The fabric of Society's
No stronger than its shirting.

Oh hapless man and mate,
Fixed in their wretched quandary,
"Why should I work without a shirt
For a wife who neglects my laundry?"
"I have shopped and mended in vain,
You can paint with woad like a Druid,
Or wrap your shape in the window-drape,
Or get yourself tattoo-ed."

BENT to her endless toil
Hopelessly, silently cursing,
A woman sits in unwomanly rage,
A ravelled-out cuff reversing.
Mend—mend—mend,
This collarband needs renewing.
Patch—patch—patch—
And what's the Government doing?

"Oh I don't care if the country founders
As long as they bring back shirts to counters,
And *any* old Party can have my vote
That heeds my song, with its dolorous note,
As I sing The Song of the Shirt."

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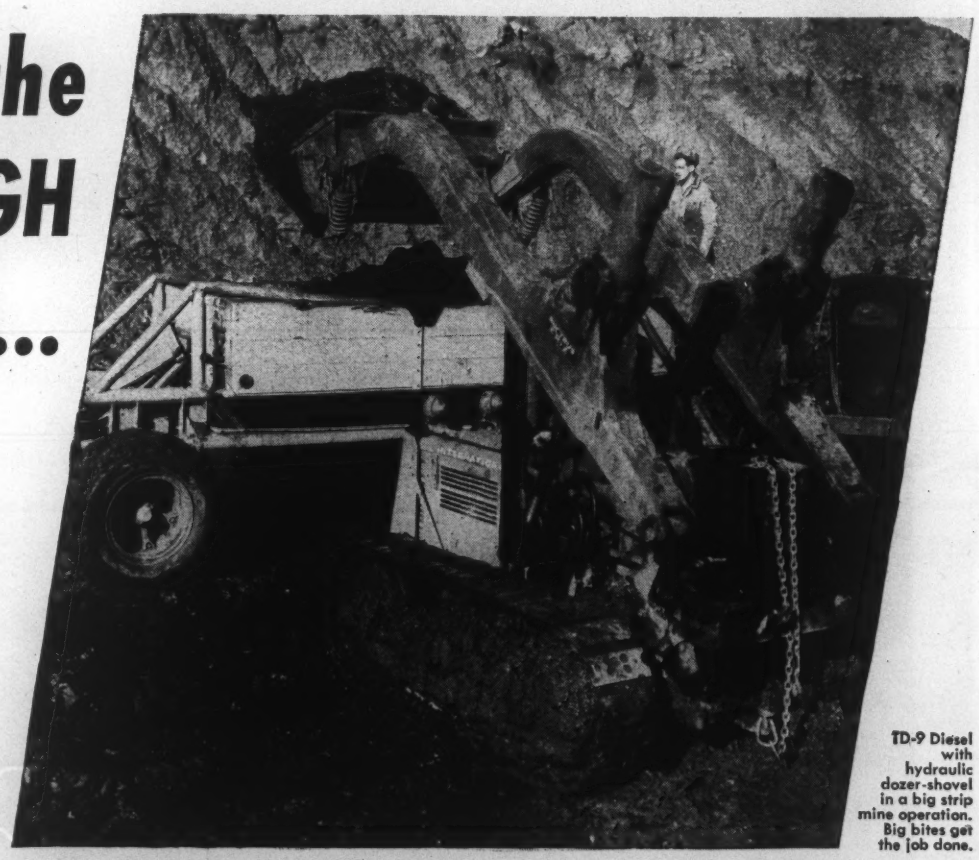

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Illusion of Democracy In Soviet Election

By VLADIMIR BARTENEV

Despite an elaborate and protracted nomination machinery at work for some time in every Soviet constituency, the result was that only one candidate stood for election in each riding last month. And those candidates, almost without exception, had the support of the local Communist party organization!

Mr. Bartenev points out that the Russian leaders, being good psychologists, conduct a noisy three-month election campaign to give the people the illusion of exercising their right to participate in the country's government.

"THERE cannot be two election programs in the Soviet Union. There cannot be two political parties contesting the Parliamentary election in the Soviet Union," said the well-known Soviet political commentator, Anatoly Osipov, broadcasting recently over the Moscow radio.

The accuracy of this succinct statement cannot be disputed.

On February 10 all Russian men and women over eighteen years of age went to the polling stations to elect—on the basis of universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage—members of the two Chambers of the Supreme Soviet (Parliament), the Council of the Union and the Council of Nationalities.

The preliminary business of the nomination of candidates had been going on for a long time.

Under Article 141 of the Soviet constitution, the right to nominate the candidates belongs to the public bodies such as the trade unions, co-operative societies, scientific, academic, cultural and other public organizations, local branches of the Communist Party and of the Communist League of Youth. Industrial workers and collective farmers may also nominate candidates at their meetings.

The people of the Soviet Union seem to have taken full advantage of this privilege. For some time prior to the election Soviet radio stations broadcast seven times a day reports on the numberless public meetings which were held throughout the length and breadth of the country for the purpose of the nomination of candidates.

According to the Soviet electoral law, the same person may be nominated in any number of constituencies, but can actually stand for an election in one constituency alone.

Universal Candidate

This provision was made use of for staging an imposing nation-wide manifestation in honor of Stalin. "The great leader of the Communist Party, of the Red Army, and of the Soviet people, the supreme organizer of all Soviet victories, the man nearest to the heart of every Soviet man, woman and child, the beloved father and teacher, the Lenin of today, Generalissimo Stalin," headed the list of candidates in practically all constituencies.

Molotov, Malenkov, Andreev, Zhdanov and other prominent leaders of the Communist Party, Red Army marshals and generals, leading Government officials, a few scientists, writers and artists, were also nominated for a number of constituencies.

As a rule, at the bottom of the list of candidates were persons who were known locally as secretaries of provincial branches of the Communist Party or as "heroes of Socialist Labor" and efficient workers ("Stakhanovists").

After all this, one candidate for each constituency was chosen and his name registered with the district election commission. This final nomination was made at the meetings attended by the delegates of all bodies which are entitled to nominate the candidates for a given constituency.

After discarding those candidates who chose to stand for other constituencies, and eliminating all those nominees who failed to gain the general support of the nomination bodies, the delegates finally agreed on a single candidate for each constituency. It was such candidates who were voted upon on February 10.

As a rule—in fact, almost without exception—the candidate agreed upon is the one who has the support of the local Communist Party organization.

Thus, the whole protracted and complicated business of popular and ostensibly free and unrestricted nomination of candidates boils down to a hard fact that only one candidate is nominated for each constituency and that his election is therefore a foregone conclusion.

This person, even if he or she does not officially belong to the Communist Party, is pledged to support the election program of the Communist Party and be loyal to *"our velikiy vozhd"* (great leader) Comrade Stalin."

The basic condition of the Soviet Parliamentary election, formulated by Anatoly Osipov, is faithfully complied with—one program, one party.

The question naturally arises why the Soviet leaders take the trouble to stage all the complicated business of an election campaign, with its meetings, speeches, unnecesary formalities, etc., when the final results are so obvious.

It must be realized that the Soviet leaders have persuaded themselves that their political, economic and social system, based as it is on the principles devised and formulated by such progressive and outstanding thinkers as Marx, Lenin and Stalin, is the only one which can satisfy the age-old longing of humanity for a free and just social order.

They have convinced the Russian people—or most of them—that this is an incontrovertible fact.

But the leaders are also psychologists. The election campaign which has been conducted with such a tremendous noise and pomp throughout the Soviet Union for the last three months, and which reached its culminating point on February 10, has given the people the illusion of exercising their right to participate in the government of the country.

The election of the Supreme Soviet is an election not only without an Opposition but also without tears.

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GIVE ECONOMICAL NATION-WIDE COVERAGE

Once Party Outcast, Is Now Cabinet Member

By GERALD HAWKINS

For three sessions as Speaker of the New Brunswick Legislature, Hon. Frank Bridges, now Minister of Fisheries in the Federal Government, was unable to speak his mind against the views voiced by fellow-members of the Liberal Party. But during the last session in 1939 he had his chance as a private member to pour out criticism of both the Liberal government and Conservative opposition. Thinking his political career finished, he did not seek reelection but continued his law practice. Then he joined the Canadian Army, served as a Civil Affairs legal officer in Europe, flew to Canada 5 days after VE-Day to successfully contest York-Sunbury in the Federal election.

The Prime Minister chose him for the cabinet and consults him on anything affecting the Maritimes. However, this writer points out that Bridges' outlook is entirely Canadian, not sectional.

TALLEST man in the federal government—towering nearly a foot above the stubby prime minister—is a 43-year-old bachelor lawyer from New Brunswick who has the job of administering the Department of Fisheries.

Hon. H. F. G. Bridges, six feet three in his stocking feet, is one of the freshman members of the cabinet. He was sworn in as fisheries minister last summer during the post-election cabinet reorganization, and in the last few months has learned that being a cabinet minister is anything but all skittles and beer.

Bridges, however, didn't accept the post with any expectation that it would be a sinecure. He came to Ottawa prepared to work hard at the problems of the fisheries department, to do all he could to bring about prosperous conditions in the fishing industry, and to boost production as high as possible to help feed near-starving Europe.

He believed that his efforts would be pretty much confined to his own department. Prime Minister Mackenzie King, after sizing up his new minister from New Brunswick, had other ideas. Now, when anything comes up which affects the Maritimes, Bridges is in on it. How much Mr. King is beginning to rely on Frank Bridges was shown late in January when the P.M. asked him to drop everything for a couple of weeks and fly to Newfoundland to straighten out kinks in the program of retransferring Canadian air bases there to the Crown colony.

Maritimers and British Columbians have always been favored when prime ministers got around to choosing ministers of fisheries. The theory is that since the chief fisheries are off the coasts, people from coastal provinces can be presumed to know something about the problems of the Department of Fisheries.

That was one reason why Bridges was named to the fisheries post by Prime Minister King. But Bridges' friends say he was cabinet timber anyway, and if he hadn't been a Maritimer he still would have ended up in the government, although perhaps not quite so quickly.

Law and Fisheries

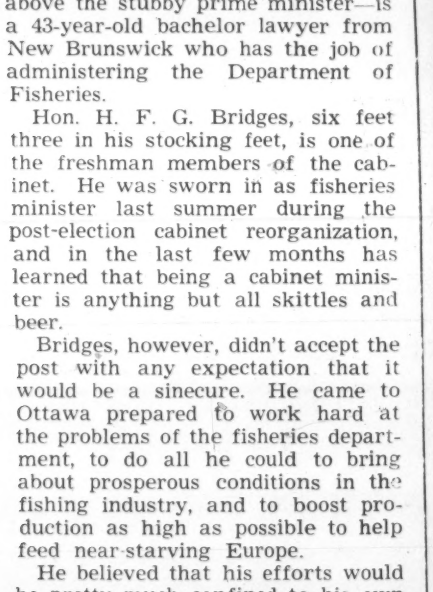
Tall, angular Frank Bridges doesn't profess to be a fisheries expert. His profession is the law, and before that it was teaching. But, as a native New Brunswicker, he couldn't help having at least a general knowledge of his province's fisheries, and he is eager to learn more, about the industry on the west coast as well as that in the east.

A minister of the Crown even before he had sat in Parliament for the first time, Bridges calls himself "a creature of circumstances". He contends that he would never have been a member of the Mackenzie King government—or at least not so early in his political life—if his friend Larry MacLaren hadn't been defeated in the June election.

Hon. D. L. MacLaren, now lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, at that time was revenue minister and New Brunswick representative in the cabinet. His defeat opened the Herringchoker seat in the cabinet and Mr. King asked Bridges to fill it. Just as simple as that, says Bridges.

Circumstances have worked in Bridges' favor before, although at close range they haven't always appeared to. For instance, after his dramatic break with former Premier A. A. Dysart of New Brunswick in 1938, he appeared to be washed up politically. But that break with Dysart, Bridges says now, was really the making of him.

It had been the highlight of his brief political career in New Brunswick. It had stamped him as a rebel, not against the ideals of Liberalism, but against the narrow, sectional views of certain "provincial righters" who were fostering an antagonistic attitude both towards Confederation and towards the more



Hon. H. F. G. Bridges, Minister of Fisheries in the Federal Government, is one of the new members of Prime Minister Mackenzie King's cabinet.

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Our forests can only be protected by an awareness on the part of every Canadian of the needs and methods of conservation.

By joining The Carling Conservation Club *you* can learn the part you can and should play in the protection of Canada's vast natural heritage. *Membership is free and will bring you interesting and authoritative information on conservation as it becomes available. Write to Dept. (E3), The Carling Breweries Limited, Waterloo, Ontario.

"MAPLE SUGAR BUSH" *As painted for Carling's by H. W. McCrea, O.S.A.*

This picture is one of a series being painted for Carling's by famous Canadian artists on the subject of conservation of Canada's natural assets.

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prosperous sections of the Dominion.

So when the bachelor Prime Minister, himself the grandson of a rebel and a longtime opponent of the sectional attitudes against which Bridges had set himself, ran his finger down the list of New Brunswick Liberals for a man to succeed MacLaren, he passed over two veteran New Brunswick M.P.'s to select another bachelor, ex-rebel Bridges.

Bridges was little known outside of New Brunswick before his appointment to the cabinet. Born at Fredericton in 1902, he was christened Hedley Francis Gregory, but in both private and public life he has always been Frank.

His father was principal of the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton, and after young Bridges had graduated from the University of New Brunswick with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1922, he entered his father's profession. But although he taught school until 1927, Frank wasn't content with teaching. During vacations he worked in various law offices; nights he studied law books, and in 1927 he was admitted to the New Brunswick bar.

Campbellton, a small town on New Brunswick's North Shore, was where Bridges first hung out his shingle. He quickly learned to mix politics with his law, and in 1930 ran in the provincial election as a Liberal.

Speaker of Legislature

Defeated then, Bridges tried again in 1935 and went to the legislature at Fredericton in the Liberal landslide of that year. When the assembly convened early in 1936 it elected him as speaker, despite his youth (he was 33) and the fact that he had never sat in a legislature before in his life.

It was a great honor, but as the weeks of debate went by Bridges began to relish less and less the gag that the speakership imposes on a member. For three sessions he presided, unable to participate in debate. Gradually opposition crystalized in his mind against views on the Maritimes' place in Confederation which he heard voiced from the Government benches. Premier Dysart himself, Attorney-General John B. McNair, and Education Minister W. P. Paterson were presenting a greatly distorted picture, Bridges felt.

Finally Bridges could endure the gag of the speakership no longer. He felt he had to speak out against the sentiments he heard from these three. He resigned from the office of speaker in the late summer of 1938.

During the 1939 session, the last in the life of that legislature, Bridges sat as a private member. And from his place on the floor he rose one night and delivered his maiden speech, in which he castigated the Government and the Conservative opposition in terms equally acid. Bridges' outpourings against the Government were an overflow of his dammed up disappointment of three years, his vituperation of the Conservatives but expressing his opinion of the misgovernment all Liberals felt had been the fruit of the previous Tory administration.

When he sat down, he believed his career as a politician had ended. He did not seek reelection in the 1939 election, but instead turned all his attention to building up his law practice at Campbellton. When war came he tried to join the army, but was considered too old. It wasn't until 1942 that the army admitted a man of 40 might not be too old, and accepted him.

Legal Officer

After a course at Brockville, Bridges went to Ottawa as a lieutenant to work in the judge advocate general's branch at army headquarters. He got a captain's third pip, and then a major's crown, following which he was posted to district headquarters at London, Ont.

Major Bridges served in France and Belgium as a civil affairs legal officer attached to the British 2nd Army, and later in the Netherlands and Germany with the Canadian 1st Army. In Holland he helped the Dutch authorities get civilian courts organized and functioning again. In Germany he organized and supervised all military government courts set up in the areas occupied by the 2nd Canadian Corps to try German civilians for violations of decrees issued by the occupying armies.

Bridges was busily engaged in this work at Meppen, in Hanover, Germany, last April 22 when he received a cablegram from Canada offering him the Liberal nomination in the Conservative stronghold of York-Sunbury. He left Germany May 1 to return to Canada, and 12 days later arrived at Fredericton after a trans-Atlantic air crossing with servicemen candidates for both federal and Ontario elections.

He reached the New Brunswick capital only two hours before the Liberal nominating convention was scheduled—and not only did he not know the convention was that day, but his supporters did not know where he was. In the forefront of those supporters, incidentally, was Premier McNair, the same McNair with whom he had hotly disagreed when McNair was Dysart's attorney-general. In New Brunswick it is an open secret that "McNair engineered Bridges' nomination".

Acclamation

The engineering was well done, and the one-time party outcast was nominated by acclamation. A few weeks later, despite intense Progressive Conservative efforts to elect Lt. Gen. E. W. Sansom, the retired commander of the 2nd Corps, Bridges was victor by an 880 vote margin.

Bridges, an English-Scotch Canadian who boasts of being "the second son of a second son of a second son", hasn't changed much since he first entered Down East politics. Particularly, he hasn't changed the views which caused him to boil over in the Legislature.

"Every section of Canada," he maintains, "is part and parcel of Confederation, and we've all got to pull together to make the best Canada possible. No sound thinking person in the Maritimes," he says, "has any thought we should secede from Confederation. We all must be Canadians from coast to coast, and develop a Canadian outlook rather than a sectional outlook."

Nor has success gone to his head. "Call me Frank," he tells people. His complete lack of affectation makes him popular in Ottawa and particularly among his colleagues in the House of Commons. His fellow M. P.'s respect him too—all the more since he bested Karl Homuth, the Progressive Conservatives' bear-baiter, in an exchange on the floor.

Bridges was introducing and explaining amendments to the Fish Inspection Act. Henceforth, he said, the word "fish" would include shellfish.

"What about ordinary fish?" interrupted Homuth.

"Oh, they are on the other side of the House," shot back Bridges amid loud laughter at Homuth's expense.

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SPANS THE WORLD

THE WORLD TODAY

United States Sharply Terminates Policy of Appeasement of Russia

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

SOME months ago, when I was still being bitterly criticized for trying to present what I believed to be the plain facts of Soviet policy, and for urging a firm Anglo-American policy to counter it, if we were to achieve a stable peace, I forecast to friends that within a year our public opinion would have swung so far in the opposite direction that I would be considered a moderate.

This has happened even quicker than expected. This past weekend a number of the situations of which I have been warning suddenly accumulated to give us the first real postwar crisis. Now people are coming up by the dozen to ask when I think the war with Russia will start.

What is this nonsense about war with Russia? Russia won't start a war with us while we have the atomic bombs, B-29's and radar-guided V-missiles, and she has none of these. And our people—I include Canadians, Americans and British—will not go to war until they are very, very, sorely provoked, if not actually attacked. That is one of the most important factors in world affairs today, one that is well-understood by the Soviets, and has been exploited to the extreme in their policy of encroachment all the way round their frontiers.

Now what we have got to do was clearly stated last week by both Senator Vandenberg, the former isolationist who as a convert to internationalism is doing his country a notable service; and by Secretary of State Byrnes, a compromiser by nature who would scarcely have said what he did unless pressed to do so by public opinion. It was also stated by both the retiring ambassador to Moscow, Harriman, and the newly appointed one, General Bedell-Smith, Eisenhower's former Chief of Staff.

What we have got to do, these foreign affairs experts agree, is make clear to the Soviets the line beyond which they must not go, under any illusion that we are insensible to our real interests or that we are so involved in the Comitern's dearly-beloved "capitalist crisis," that we wouldn't fight.

There is such a line, and it is our responsibility to let would-be expansionists know it, and much more, make them believe that we mean it. Hitler led his nation and half a continent to destruction because he misinterpreted the point at which the British and American peoples would fight for their interests. And the British and American peoples—and the Canadians too, who thought they didn't need a foreign policy—helped let themselves in for a desperate war because they didn't make this line clear to Hitler.

What is at stake in the present situation is not a "war with Russia," but actually the drawing of the line on which we will make peace with Russia. (For the Germans and Japs being so utterly defeated, we are really making peace with Russia). That may be a hard idea for some people who have been infatuated with the pleasant but always unreal concept that we were "common allies" of the Soviets, to get into their heads.

Willkie Foresaw It

The fact of the matter is that the Soviets always kept their war as much as possible separate from ours. In contrast to our Lend-Lease freely provided without any strings attached, they only promised at Teheran and Yalta to coordinate their final blows in West and East after securing barrel-head payment or promises from us of territory and concessions.

Certainly the whole outcome justifies what Wendell Willkie said to me in conversation a few months before he died: "We should have tied up Stalin at Stalingrad. Then if he had broken his promise we would at least have had it clearly on the record for our people as a warning."

Willkie thought at that time that the great, hoped-for peace was fifty per cent lost, but that at any rate we had still a dozen years of peace of exhaustion in which to try to build world security.

That is what we must concentrate our efforts on, and not in working out the odds on war with Russia. There is nothing that we could gain through a war with Russia that is not still obtainable today through an absolutely firm diplomatic policy. But a firm diplomatic policy cannot be built on cries of bring the boys home, on strife along the whole industrial front, or on illusions that Canada need not contribute to maintaining the peace as she did towards winning the war.

Since Christmas the various Washington newsletters have been saying that the appeasement policy followed up to the Moscow Conference was going to be discarded. There was no real sign to this in the American conduct during the United Nations meeting in London. Indeed American policy made hardly any impression there at all.

But when Vandenberg, Byrnes and Dulles, along with the incoming and outgoing ambassadors to Moscow, all sound off within a few days with a new and "tougher" line, then it looks as though a firmer policy really was decided upon, and is now being enunciated because it is felt that public opinion has been crystallized by Stalin's guns-before-butter program and by events in Iran and Manchuria, in a way to back it up.

One will watch with keen interest for the implementing action. But here, for the record, are the brave words. Senator Vandenberg said: "If the United States is to exercise any potent influence in promoting world peace, other nations must be confident that this government will abide by our professions. . . It would be far better to refrain from giving assurances, however noble they may be, than to fail to carry them out. For the United States cannot exercise any effective leadership until all nations know that it means what it says."

The next day Secretary Byrnes provided the clear statement of U. S. aims for which Vandenberg had called. He said "we will not and we cannot stand aloof if force or threat of force is used contrary to the purposes and principles of the Charter. . . The Charter forbids aggression, and we cannot allow aggression to be accomplished by coercion or pressure, or by subterfuges such as political infiltration."

Byrnes' Warning

"Though the status quo is not sacred and unchangeable, we cannot overlook a unilateral gnawing away at the status quo" because "the present power relationships of the great states, which preclude the domination of the world by any one of them, cannot be substantially altered by the unilateral action of any one great state without profoundly disturbing the whole structure of the United Nations."

Then Byrnes called, in one of the bluntest pronouncements by a foreign minister which I can remember in years, for "a stop to this maneuvering for strategic advantage all over the world, and the use of one adjustment as an entering wedge for further and undisclosed penetrations of power."

Clearly addressing Russia without naming her, he said "we have no right to hold our troops in the territories of other sovereign states without their approval and consent clearly given" (Poland, Iran, China). We must not unduly prolong the making of peace and continue to impose our troops upon small and impoverished states" (Austria and Hungary).

"No power has a right to help itself to alleged enemy properties in liberated or ex-satellite countries before a reparations settlement has been agreed upon by the Allies" (all

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Eastern Europe, and now Manchuria). "We must not conduct a war of nerves to achieve strategic ends." (Turkey). "We must return our armies to their homelands." "Friendly nations should act as friend nations." (Ceaseless anti-British propaganda from Moscow in violation of 20-year treaty of friendship).

Byrnes vowed that "the United States intends to defend the Charter," and even more significantly, that she "has a responsibility to see that other powers live up to their covenant. That responsibility we also intend to meet."

Bravo, Mr. Byrnes! You wouldn't have said all this, and had your incoming and outgoing ambassadors to Moscow warn of "the line beyond which compromise cannot go," if you didn't intend to do something about it, would you? You wouldn't have said it just now, two days before the deadline for evacuation of Iran, and just as the Soviet looting of Manchurian industry was admitted by a Russian commander in Mukden, unless you were ready to be taken up?

Well, what *can* the United States do? Let us be clear: words alone will have absolutely no effect on the vaunted "realists" of the Kremlin inner council. Lippmann has soberly suggested that, to redress the impression given by want-to-go-home agitation among the U.S. troops abroad, the U.S. Navy should make an "educational cruise" in European waters, and show there its vast might.

Action U.S. Could Take

Another warning move which would have a good effect would be a demonstration flight of B-29's around the world, passing by all means via the newly-completed American Army air base on the coast of Saudi Arabia, right next to Bahrein Island. In fact, several squadrons of B-29's, with appropriate supporting craft, might be dropped off here, for "training" under tropical conditions.

Provocative? Of course, the Soviets would say so. Didn't they say that Canada was provocative and unfriendly for unmasking their spy ring? Don't they say the Turks are provocative, because they won't hand over the Dardanelles? Didn't they call the Finns provocative, when they fell on them in 1939? Didn't Hitler call the Austrians, the Czechs and the Poles, and anyone else who dared stand up to him, "provocative"?

What it would actually be is an answer to the provocation of the Soviets, who have violated their acceptance of the Atlantic Charter by virtually taking over eight of the countries liberated from the Nazi tyranny; have violated their treaties with the Baltic States by annexing these; and have violated their treaty of alliance with Poland of Dec. 1941, which disavowed the Ribbentrop-Molotov partition of that country, by re-partitioning Poland as soon as they were in a position to do so.

They have violated their solemn acceptance of Czechoslovakia's pre-Munich frontiers by simply seizing Ruthenia a year later; have violated the original Moscow Declaration of 1943 concerning the use of troops in occupied countries for political ends; have violated the Yalta Agreement on free political activity, free elections and representative governments in Eastern Europe; and have violated the Teheran Agreement on non-interference in Iran, and on the date of withdrawal from that country.

Regardless of Treaties

They have violated the United Nations Charter by carrying on a war of nerves against Turkey and Greece; have violated the 20-year treaty of friendship with Britain by carrying on an unbridled propaganda campaign on the Moscow Radio against British policy in every corner of the world; and have violated their declaration that the Comintern was dissolved, by its more active and ambitious employment within formerly allied countries and in every trouble spot in the world beyond their frontiers.

Now they have violated their solemn treaty with China of last August, and the definite assurance given by Molotov in the Moscow Communiqué of last December, of a Feb. 1 withdrawal from Manchuria.

This, in fact, is what the crisis is about. This is the unilateral, treaty-breaking course of the Soviets during and since the war which has brought the peace-bent Americans up with a jerk, and drawn from them a diplomatic warning such as is usually given only to enemies.

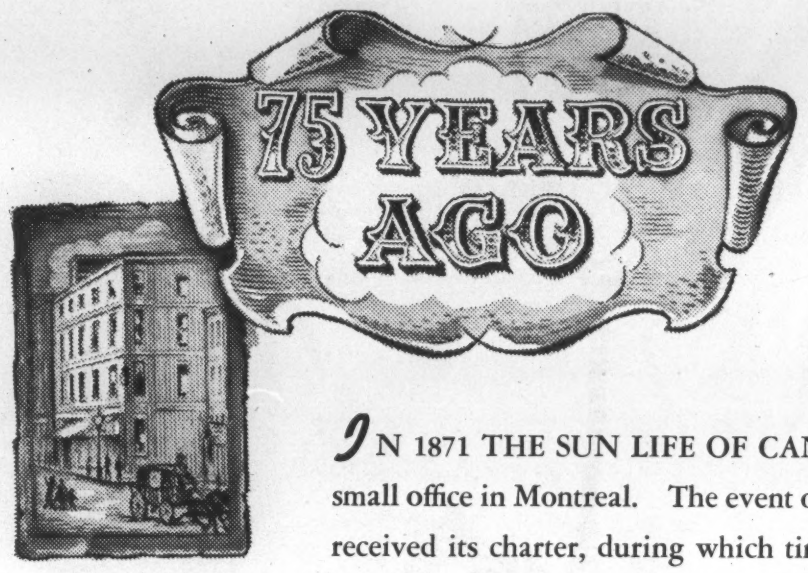
They have gone along on the assumption that the "peace" would soon be made, and things would gradually settle down; that Russia was only engaged in looking to her own security. What they suddenly face now is the fact that, as Vandenberg put it, the Soviets seem to be exerting themselves to increase friction in troubled areas, not to help us bring peace; that they have effectively added some 130 million people, equal to the population of the United States, to their sphere in Europe; are angling for domination of 400 million Chinese by gaining control of Manchurian and North China industry; and making a strong play to win the Germans and Japs to communism.

And on top of this, Stalin, far from advocating a program of international trade and cooperation within the U.N.O. laid down a program of guns-before-butter in his recent policy speech, and didn't even mention the U. N. O. or the help of the "common allies" during the war, while his colleagues declared openly that we were enemies, "encircling" the Soviet Union.

That is the situation. Appeasement has been tried to the limit, and produced no better results than it did with the other totalitarians. Words will have no effect by themselves. And even a "demonstration" of military force will have only a limited effect, and embitter the situation, unless it is accompanied by a positive policy which has wide acceptance in the world.

That policy is embodied in the United Nations Charter. On this the American statesmen have taken, and should continue to take, a firm stand. They might also specifically reaffirm the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

Then, with practical proposals for satisfying any legitimate Russian desire for security or outlet to the oceans (such as Security Council control of the Dardanelles, Suez, Gibraltar and the Kiel Canal), the suggested military demonstration might still secure a just and wise peace, save the freedom of the peoples of Eastern Europe, the Near East and China; and buttress the organization of the United States.



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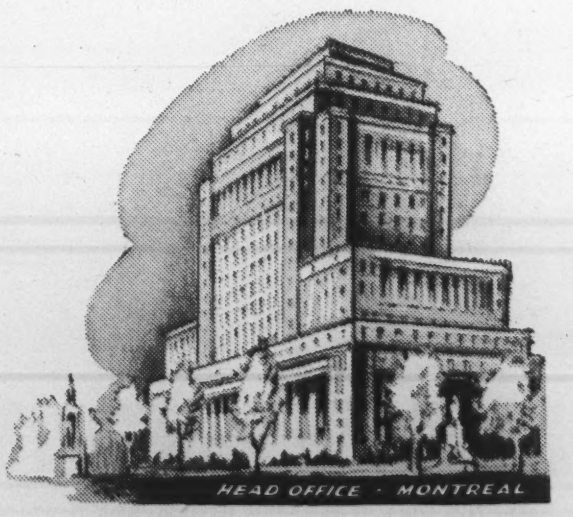

From the 1945 Annual Report.

Benefits paid since Organization $1,800,672,431

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Assurances in force $3,390,372,327

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BUSIEST man in any town these days is the doctor, for he is devoting so many hours and so much energy to the care of this year's bumper crop of babies that he barely has time for his own family.

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HEINZ Baby Foods

THE MELTING POT

Mr. and Mrs. America's Reporter Howls Loudly at a Knighting

By J. N. HARRIS

WALTER WINCHELL has objected in his New York *Mirror* column, to the recent knighting of the new British Ambassador to Washington. It was done deliberately, says Mr. Winchell, in order to impress Americans. The British, he says, still think that Americans are impressed by titles, and he ends up by inquiring, "Who do they think they're kidding?"

Oh, Mr. Winchell, Mr. Winchell; have things changed so much in the Middle West since the day that George F. Babbitt was made deliriously happy by spending the evening in conversation with an ordinary (and not very convincing) English industrial knight?

Has the country changed such a great deal since the time that Lord Burleigh drew a large crowd at every station on his way across to Los Angeles?

And just try to recall, Mr. Winchell, the 1939 visit of the King and Queen to the U.S.A. Do you remember the life-size photograph of a reporter's hand that was published because the hand had just shaken His Majesty's? (I wouldn't like to bet on it, but I think it was in your paper).

And do you not remember the admirable gentleman from somewhere in Kansas who, at a White House reception, approached the King and said, "Put 'er there, George." I would be willing to bet that that chap addresses his wife as Mrs. Zilch, and that ever since that day he has been boring his acquaintances with accounts of what a real, swell, democratic he-guy old George is.

Who, Mr. Winchell, are you kidding? I'll bet if the President conferred a title on you one Chewsday yawning, your column would be running in the Christian Science Monitor by Thursday.

•

SPEAKING of George F. Babbitt reminds me of the Real Estate business, which reminds me of the housing problem, which gives me a headache. And one of the headaches of the housing problem is the Government's refusal to allow veterans to buy their small holdings through Real Estate Agents. Now I happen to know that the agents, many of whom are tough, go-getting businessmen of the old school, are very, very hurt about the official attitude. They think that there is a suggestion in the attitude that Real Estaters are likely to rook the returned men, or that an agent's fee is not earned.

Anybody who reads the billboards knows that a Real Estate man is really, underneath, a sentimental softie who wants to provide Love Nests with breakfast nooks for all the young couples at sight; he wants to make people happy. And if ever a man earned a fee, it is the agent who finds a home for anybody these days. This implied slur on a noble profession should be removed at once.

And if the Department of Veterans' Affairs could look up for just a minute and see the hundreds of veterans spending agents' fees many times over in gasoline and time, scouring the countryside for bungalows, villas or farmhouses with one quarter acre of land, they would see why. Agents could be of some help in the search, and they will, of course, have to be paid if they give it. After all, the D.V.A. officials get paid.

That isn't very funny, but the Managing Editor says we don't always have to try to be funny; we can be pathetic at intervals, like Charlie Chaplin.

•

DISENCHANTMENT is sweeping over the continent this week, now that ninety per cent of the new nylons have runs in them. Longed for, sought after, fought over, nylons have proved as flimsy as most of the things we chase after.

A lady of our acquaintance was in raptures over her nylons because they were so sheer. We remarked that it was impossible to tell that she had stockings on at all.

"Yes," she said, "that's what's so good about them."

Now what about the tailor in the nursery story who sold the king an invisible suit? And they let women vote.

•

MANY people have felt sorry for the unfortunate Russian sailors who lived like prisoners in a large Toronto battleship, the H.M.C.S. *York*, for a long time, awaiting delivery of their ship. In spite of the desire of many hospitable people and Torontonians to entertain these Allied seamen, their officers insisted that they remain cooped up behind the Exhibition ground barbed wire.

A semi-official source tells us, out of the side of its mouth, that the Russian sailors are not permitted to look at bourgeois comfort, as it might mislead them politically.

Oh, for goodness sake! And all that time we had 1,700 agents breathing down our necks, and trying to see all that they could of our bourgeois comfort!

Come, come, comrade; play the game. Let your sailor boys have a look round too. We'd hardly notice them in the crowd.

•

RUSSIAN "scholars" who drew up the Soviet claim to a large helping of Turkey cited as one of their authorities "the Greek historian and leader of the March of the Ten Thousand, Xenophon."

It's probably better than confusing Lou Ayres with Ruby M., as fewer people will write in about it, but the Russian professors ought to remember that the British Foreign Office boys are awfully well educated, and probably know all about *both* Xenophons.

Let's hope that those remarks about Canada were drawn up in the same gay, mad rush, and were not meant seriously after all.

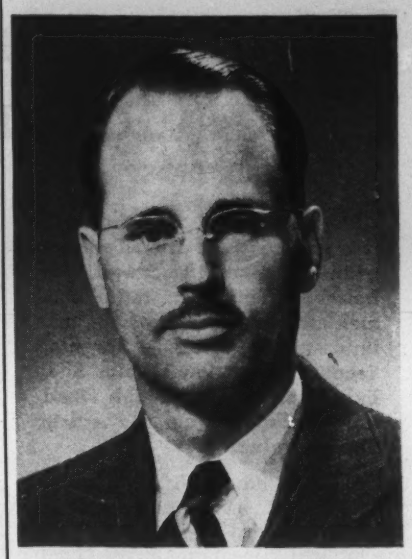
•

FROM a letter from England (genuine) to a war bride in Canada:

"—Aunt Maggie says that a Cheltenham girl who married a G.I., thinking he was a big businessman, found on arrival that he operated a peanut vendor and howled to come home again. Not very plucky of her. I do hope, my dear, if you find Jack going round with a barrel organ, you will go along and hold the hat for him. If you need a monkey you know where to send.

•

IT BEATS everything the way American ideas are catching on at the University of Toronto. First a Giant Pep Rally, now a Miss Varsity contest, with President Sydney Smith all but holding the tape measure. It might not be Cardinal Newman's idea of a university, but it certainly gets a better press.



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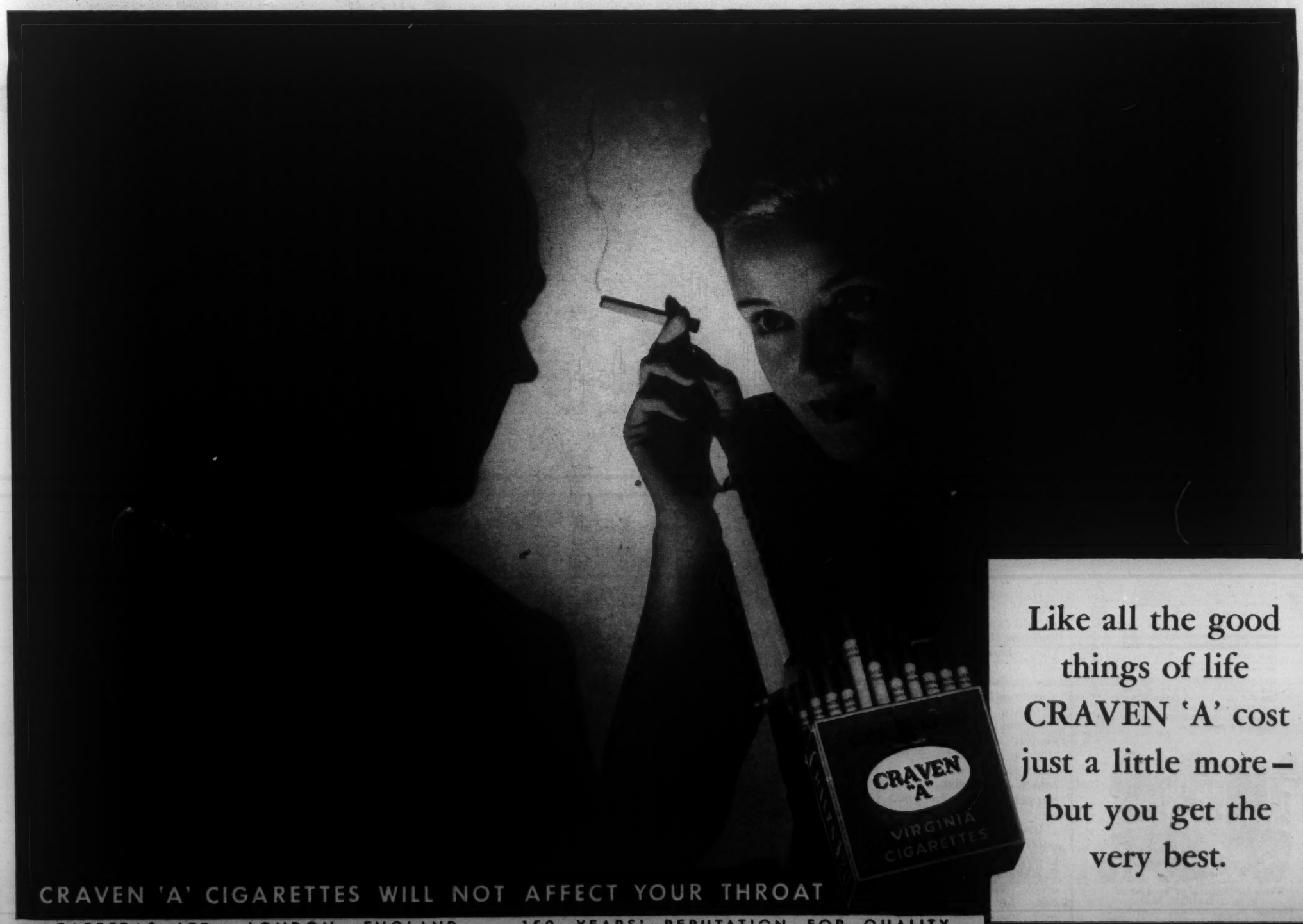

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CARRERAS LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Photography and Art Find Color Bond

By REX FROST

Color photography has shortened the gap between the viewpoint of the artist and the camera man, believes Rex Frost, radio commentator and well known amateur photographer. Toronto's Second International Color Slide Exhibition has set a high standard of photographic and artistic picture values.

SINCE the advent of photography, artists of brush and pen were prone to regard the camera as too mechanical a medium for the flexible interpretation of true art. During the earlier days of black and white photography, a broad cleavage existed between proponents of the two forms of pictorial expression. The technical strides made of recent years in color photography have moderated the viewpoint. Color film is now used by a number of artists to provide the basis of their sketches. Many are somewhat reticent in admitting it, but the fact remains, camera and canvas are moving closely into focus.

The second week of the Canadian International Color Slide Exhibition of Photography, sponsored by the Toronto Camera Club March 1 to 14, runs concurrently with the 74th Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. Their salons are being held under the same roof—Toronto's Art Gallery. Both clubs are announcing special awards for the best pictures of village scenes anywhere in Ontario.

Advanced workers in monochrome point out that the success of a salon print depends largely upon personal darkroom technique and subsequent finishing artistry. From the time of clicking the camera until the presentation of the final print, they have complete control of all processes.

The color slide photographer, however, merely removes his exposed roll from the camera, drops it in the mail, and receives back a number of finished films coveniently mounted ready for projection. But therein, retort the color fans, lies the big challenge to camera skill and ingenuity. They must capture within their viewfinders, at first hand, all the essentials of a good picture.

3,000 Transparencies

Toronto's Second International Color Slide Exhibition may not have provided the answers to all the differences of viewpoint between artists, monochrome or color photographers. But it has confirmed and illustrated the tremendous interest created in the newer camera delineation.

Nearly three thousand color slides and transparencies were submitted to the judges. Phil J. Croft, late of Montreal, well known amateur photographer; A. Bruce Stapleton, O.S.A., Art Director of Rolph Clark Stone Ltd., and Fred W. Thom, Manager of Cooling Art Galleries, comprised the jury of selection.

Significant of a modern age, their decisions were conveyed to a recording secretary by means of an electrical signal system. Each judge controlled four switches, by which he indicated "merit award", "acceptance", "hold for further consideration" or "reject" verdict. There was no discussion.

With brisk precision the secretary placed the findings on permanent record with a rubber stamp impressed on the entry form.

Of every one hundred slides entered, eighty-five were rejected. Why? A primary cause was lack of color balance—the dominance, that is, of one color to the virtual exclusion of the others.

The judges, with little or no hesitation, turned down switches on pictures of brightly colored flowers which occupied the whole or major portion of the slide. On reds, particularly.

Reds, when used to provide an accent to an aggregation of other color combinations, can be employed most effectively. But when the reds, or any other prominent color, blare with eye-dazzling brilliancy that excludes appreciation of the supplementary color values, they spontaneously grade into the "reject" category.

Composition Important

Lack of pleasing composition was another principal reason for the rejection of slides. Far too many of these gave evidence that the photographer had been overawed by the majestic colors of fall foliage, or the magnificence of summer sunsets.

If observations of the judging be frankly interpreted, photographers should spend more time thinking, and less time clicking shutters. First they should poise considerations both of color balance and composition. Then they should pause and ponder whether the subject has fundamental interest value.

Photographers, in the main, should search for a preconceived subject they are determined to find, rather than only be satisfied to focus their lenses upon something which they happen, largely by good fortune, to see.

Broadly speaking, United States entries tended to place a greater accent on imaginative and interpretive studies, than those of Canadian origin. Likely that is because Americans, for the most part, have had more experience in color slide photography.

On the other hand, Canadian entries appeared in many cases to enjoy a slight edge over the American in truth of color rendition. The clarity of northern Canadian air apparently predisposes a sensitive advantage to the color photographer.

A majority of the titles given the slides, both Canadian and American, entirely failed to complement the pictorial values of the setting. Titles should not be merely descriptive of the obvious. They should stimulate a certain thoughtfulness, add a definite message, and provide an atmosphere.

Twenty-six American and seven Canadian transparencies and slides were selected for special merit awards. This is roughly proportional to the source of entries, three-quarters of which came from the United States. Over four hundred others were regarded by the judges as meriting exhibition acceptance.

The variety of subjects among the special award winners confirms that the judges rode no hobby horses. "Piedmont", first prize United States entry of Paul Anderson of New York City, is an intriguing cross water shot. "Study in Grapes", a 4" x 5" transparency, by F. T. Robson of Vina, California, is a perfect interpretation of still life photography.

Best Canadian Slides

Among the Canadian slides singled out for prizes, "Watersprite" by Peter M. Millman of Toronto depicts a charming water maiden amid the reeds and lilies of a lake setting. "Backchat" by Mrs. J. E. Goodwin of Toronto presents with feminine attractiveness the close portrait of a young woman balancing on her arm two hawk moths.

As a soothing influence to the argument among photographers regarding the relative merits of monochrome and polychrome, the first prize winner of the Canadian section was Raymond Caron, of Montreal, already one of the Dominion's most prominent contributors to black and white salons.

As for the historic conflict of viewpoint between artists and photographers concerning the true basis of art, one might note the concession of one of the judges, "Photography is not art, but very nearly so"!

Today artists are going into dark salons to enjoy color slide projection. Monochrome amateur photographers are coming out of dark rooms to appreciate the new light of polychrome. So color slide photography, and time, click on!

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Cody Learned Life Was Tough at Early Age

By GREGORY TAYLOR

"Buffalo Bill" Cody was only five years old when he saw his father stabbed whilst making an anti-slavery speech, when he was 10 he shot a panther to save his sister's life, killed his first Indian when he was 11, and at 15 was a Government scout in the American Civil War.

In later years he toured the world with his famous Wild West show until he was 60, he himself giving two rough-riding performances a day and rarely missing a performance.

COLONEL William Frederick Cody, the last and the greatest of the U.S. scouts, died in Denver, Colorado, on January 10, 1917.

Famous all over the world as "Buffalo Bill," Cody was over 6 ft., with a magnificent physique and an extraordinarily handsome face.

He could ride faster and shoot straighter than any man alive. He had killed Indians and buffalo. He was simple, modest and generous; a charming companion and a staunch friend.

Bill was born in Scott County, Iowa, in 1846. Two years later his father trekked to the frontiers territory of Kansas.

Started at Five

Bill had his first adventure when he was five. Kansas was torn by the slavery feud, and his father, while making an anti-slavery speech, was stabbed.

Young Bill got his father home and set about looking after his mother and four sisters. He learned to ride and trap and shoot deer for the family pot.

When he was ten Bill saved the life of his youngest sister by shooting a panther as it was about to spring at her.

His father was killed in the "Bleeding Kansas" war, and Bill got a job herding cattle across prairie land infested by Indians.

The convoy was attacked by Redskins, and the teamsters with 11-year-old Bill fled. They had to march 35 miles to the nearest camp and Bill, weary to death, dropped behind.

As the moon came up he saw silhouetted against the sky the head and war bonnet of an Indian chief. The boy took aim and when his companions found him he was squatting beside his first dead Indian.

A year later, on a shooting expedition with another boy, young Cody broke his leg. His friend set the leg in rough splints, then built a dug-out hut, and there Bill stayed until his leg knit.

At 14 Bill had acquired a reputation on the frontier as a first-rate fighter, hunter and cattle-driver, and when the Pony Express started in 1860 he became the youngest rider. Once he arrived at his destination to find that his relief rider had been killed. The mail had to go on, Cody took it. He brought back the return mail, too. He rode 320 miles in 21 hours 40 minutes so that the mail should arrive on schedule!

A year later, when Civil War broke out, 15-year-old Bill Cody was too young to wear the uniform of a United States soldier, but he was made a Government scout and won the admiration of men like General Sherman for his skill.

Towards the end of the war Cody was riding through the streets of St. Louis when he saw some men annoying a pretty girl. He dashed to her rescue, escorted her home, and within a week or so she was Mrs. William Cody.

In 1867 Cody made a contract with the Kansas Pacific Railway to supply the laborers working on the line with buffalo meat.

He was to receive 500 dollars a month provided the men were never hungry. In less than 18 months he shot 4,280 buffaloes.

Buffalo Killer

The great buffalo hunter Cumstock challenged Cody to a day's hunting to see who could kill the most buffaloes. Cody killed 69 buffaloes to Cumstock's 46.

A rhyme was made up about the feat:—

"Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,
Never missed, and never will,
He always aims and shoots to kill!"

and "Buffalo Bill" he remained to the end of his life.

Towards the end of 1868 Cody became chief scout and guide to the 5th Cavalry, and won fame for his skill and courage in fighting the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes.

When General Custer and 300 of his men were killed by Indians Cody swore he would avenge the massacre.

In sight of many Indian warriors Cody had fought to the death with Yellow Hand, Chief of the Cheyennes.

Cody then became a local judge, but he found the life too peaceful. He conceived the idea of touring the world with a colossal Wild West show.

His first Wild West show was produced in America in 1883. It was an enormous success. Four years later "Buffalo Bill" brought his show to London and took it by storm. Queen Victoria saw the first exhibition.

Cody's beautiful white horse Isham was presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey, and the bridle was the gift of King Edward VII. "Buffalo Bill" toured the world with his show until 1906.

In January, 1917, Cody was told by his doctor that he had only a short time to live. He sent for a pack of cards, asked some friends to join him and insisted on playing poker. He died a few days later.

The town of Cody in Wyoming is named after the famous scout, who is buried on Lookout Mt. in Colorado.

The new High Commissioner for Palestine and Transjordan, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham, is seen here inspecting the Guard of Honor formed by the Arab Legion, when Sir Alan paid a formal visit to the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan at Amman.

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BOOKS ON WORLD AFFAIRS

Ciano's Memoirs of His Caesar "Most Unkindest Cut of All"

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE CIANO DIARIES, by Count Ciano. (Doubleday. $4.50.)
SOVIET POLITICS, by Frederick L. Schuman. (Ryerson. $4.50.)
RUSSIA AND THE WESTERN WORLD, by Max Laserson. (Macmillan. $2.75.)
SOLDIER OF DEMOCRACY, by Kenneth S. Davis. (McClelland and Stewart. $4.50.)
MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA, by J. B. Powell. (Macmillan. $4.50.)
ECLIPSE, by Alan Moorehead. (Musson. $4.00.)

THE two things which one wonders most when reading Ciano's Diary — which is hard to recognize in book form from the garbled excerpts presented earlier in the press — are whether this is the genuine article as written at the time, or whether it was retouched afterwards; and whether the Duce knew that Ciano was keeping this record.

I think that one can accept the authority of the editor, the well-known American diplomat Hugh Gibson, and of Sumner Welles, who wrote the foreword, that it is genuine. Besides, Welles recounts how Ciano read him some excerpts in 1940; and there are too many passages remaining which Ciano would probably have liked to revise, if he were engaged in doing this.

Therefore, it seems that one can accept the book. And this being so, it becomes a rather remarkable record, surely one of the most intimate and revealing ever left by a foreign minister who was in the thick of great happenings. It is interesting on a number of counts. First, by a revelation of the Duce's character which even his worst enemy couldn't have bettered, drawn from first-hand experiences which an enemy could never conceivably have had.

Only second are the sidelights on Hitler, Ribbentrop, Goering and other leading Germans; and the story of how the Germans treated their allies throughout the war. Then there is the almost incredible story of Italian incompetence, and lack of preparation, leadership and spirit.

Finally, there is the self-portrait of Ciano himself, bombastic and ambitious, a would-be empire builder while the danger of war seemed remote, eager to fall on Albania and Greece, yet suddenly responsible and almost wise when faced with the great crisis, forecasting many events with great accuracy, and opposing Italian intervention alongside Germany with all his power.

Since Ciano mentions in the middle of the book that the Duce had said to him be sure to put *that* in your record, it is clear the Duce knew about the diary, and that every mention of Mussolini should be read as the sort of double-talk which everyone living under a dictatorship learns to practice. For if Ciano really felt the deep regard for his chief which he repeatedly vows, he just wouldn't have written what he did about him. His own ambition of succeeding the Duce is revealed clearly in one passage; and all through the account he implies that *he* could manage things better.

Duce's Lack of Knowledge

Thus Ciano shows the Duce casting about to attack someone, almost anyone, French, British, Albanians, Yugoslavs or Greeks, without knowing the real strength or preparation of his own forces, ordering these adventures on very short notice over the protests of his commanders, and insensible at first to such great defeats such as those at Taranto, in Albania and Libya, "as though he did not comprehend their real meaning."

There appears more "sawdust" than "Caesar" in this strutting figure, the supposed great Dictator who "would show how a peace in Europe should be made, by destroying and levelling many cities to the ground," but who confessed he "didn't have any exact information" on his own army, and had to ask his naval intelligence to find out the strength of his air force. On the day he was to attack France he learned that his main army was not ready, by intercepting the conversation of two of his generals!

Distrusted German Motives

Drawn back again and again during these months to the German connection, in spite of deep distrust of their ultimate motives, by his conviction that they would win, Mussolini became infuriated at them periodically, and would send round-about warnings to the Dutch and Belgians of their danger, or pass damaging German remarks on to the Russians.

Numerous passages show the Duce's contempt for his own people; his lack of faith in his own creation, Fascism, which he admitted in 1940 was "wearing out", and that even the Fascist Grand Council was "not a completely reliable organ."

Here is Mussolini, not Churchill, speaking of the Italian people and troops in the early part of the war. "The Italian race is a race of sheep . . . a whore who prefers a winning mate . . . We must keep them disciplined and in uniform from morning to night, beat them, and beat them, and beat them . . . . ."

Relations with the Germans, who "never tell us anything," but "send a message every time they take over a new country," are the main theme running through Ciano's memoirs. These entries show clearly why the Germans, with their many great qualities, have failed to win that "place in the sun" which they so long coveted. They would never treat anyone else decently, could never be trusted to keep their word, and could never learn to live and let live.

As a sidelight on the current Gosenko case in Ottawa, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in Rome, Helfand, also feared that a recall home meant liquidation, and sought Ciano's aid in escaping with his family to America. How this book, otherwise so admirably produced, came to be issued without an index, is inexplicable.

"Soviet Politics"—Glorified

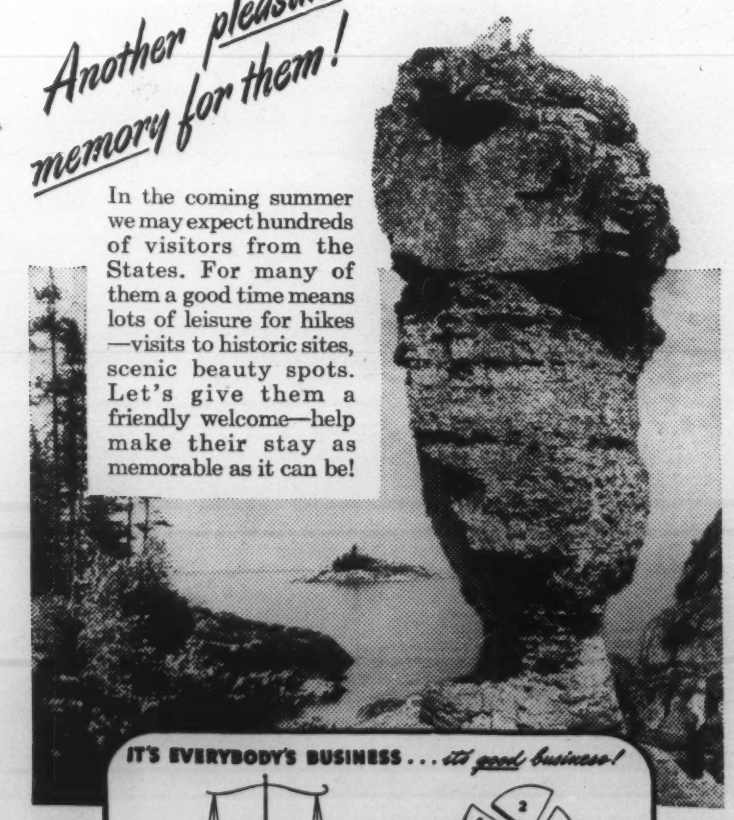
Frederick L. Schuman is an able, hard-working young American historian who has now brought up to date with this fourth book, "Soviet Politics," his diplomatic history of Europe from 1930 through 1945. With their heavy documentation, liberal quotation of historic speeches and careful indexing, these are undoubtedly valuable books to have on one's shelf. But for history, Schuman's works are pretty contentious stuff.

This one, after hurrying through the whole early history of Russia and the Bolshevik Revolution in 250 pages, presents the pre-war diplomacy of the Soviets from the basic assumption that Chamberlain's Britain and Daladier's France were actively and consciously scheming the whole time to provoke a Nazi-Soviet War.

Thus Munich becomes primarily a scheme of Chamberlain's; I had always thought that Hitler and his rearmed truculent Germany were the driving force in that unhappy affair. Schuman doesn't even consider why, if Chamberlain was scheming only to send Hitler eastwards, he should have given a guarantee to Poland and Rumania in the spring of 1939, to block the Nazi's path.

And our "historian" even goes so far as to directly blame Britain and France for the "betrayal" and partition of Poland, and not the powers which carried this out, the Nazi and Soviet dictatorships. He can find none of "the alleged cynicism, perfidy or deceit" in the Nazi-Soviet deal of August 1939, which precipitated the war. Nothing to moralize about here. "The only moral to be derived from the study of power politics is that there is no morality in power politics."

But how he moralizes about British and French policy, throughout the book. This, surely, is history written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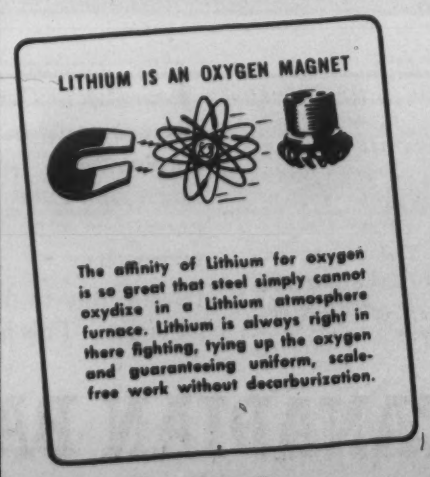
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for Chicago. Chamberlain and Daladier are presented here as "the friends of Hitler;" there is no suggestion that Stalin and Molotov might have been so designated in 1939-41.

I don't particularly enjoy the role of defending these half-discredited Allied leaders. Yet it is a simple fact that they were leading their countries in the first resistance to Hitler while Schuman was sitting in Chicago writing a defeatist treatise ("Night Over Europe") about "the probability that the Caesars would break through the last barriers between their ambition and mastery of a continent; and that the German genius for *Ordnung* and Nazi talent for dispensing force, fraud and favors may well prove adequate for the reordering of the world as well as of Europe."

Calm Thinking on Russia

It is a relief to turn from Schuman's truculent presentation of Russian history and Soviet politics to Max Laserson's calm consideration of the political and psychological factors which have been drawing Russia nearer to the western world since the days of Napoleon. Here, one may affirm, is a real and rare contribution towards understanding Russia.

In this plain but penetrating analysis, Professor Laserson, born in Latvia, formerly on the staff of St. Petersburg University, and a member of the Kerensky Cabinet, a man who obviously hoped and worked for a more moderate and humane solution in Russia, achieves a true philosophical detachment in considering things as they have actually come out.

His main thesis is that many things have been happening in Russia outside of, and even contrary to, the plans of Soviet ideologists, and that a steady shift towards the West has been going on, now accentuated by the first-hand experience of millions of Soviet soldiers with conditions outside of their sealed-in world.

One of the greatest values of "Russia and the Western World" is in its portrayal of the development of liberal thought, of education, and of industrialism in Russia, *before* the Soviets, something which has been so heavily distorted by other writers.

"Totalitarian Liberal"

In those days he wrote of the U.S.S.R. that "unlike other neutrals it had connived in Hitler's aggression and sought to protect itself from the consequences by a policy of aggrandizement."

Schuman guessed wrong in those days—how wrong in classing Mussolini as one of the "Caesars" who were conquering the world one can judge from Ciano's exposé above. Now he has become a "realist," one of our "totalitarian liberals," riding the "wave of the future," who have become a heavy burden to our free society in trying to combat totalitarianism.

He still had some passionate outbursts for freedom in his last book, while he was mentally preparing for a Nazi victory. Here is a sample of his attitude today. Speaking of the Soviet annexation of the Baltic States, which was still "aggrandizement" and "conniving" to him in 1940, he uses the glib Soviet phraseology. "New democratic (no quotes) regimes were created in these three small countries, and over 90 per cent of the voters approved (no quotes) the list (of candidates who were to petition for union with Soviet Russia).

His quotes are saved for the "independence" of these little countries, "which had become a political fiction and a source of economic strangulation." Curious that in coming from Soviet Russia into these Baltic countries one did not think that the happier faces, the better clothed people and fatter animals, the stores of Riga filled with wonders unknown in the great Socialist Paradise, and the feeling of freedom in the air, were either fiction or strangulation. But Schuman can find only scorn for Sumner Welles' protest on this matter as "irrelevant moralizing."

Great Leader of Soldiers

In his "Soldier of Democracy" Kenneth Davis has made a serious, successful, and aptly-titled effort to portray the role of Dwight Eisenhower in the recent war. One may wonder that fully half the book should have been devoted to his earlier life. And the author does not give any black-or-white answer to the question: was Eisenhower a truly great general? From this study, the answer to that remains: he was a great leader of democratic soldiers and a great coordinator of democratic allies.

His modest, homely, human personality comes through on every page. Most typical of the man, perhaps, is his remark that "a commander must have broad shoulders. Any general who gets into the bad habit of blaming subordinates when things go wrong soon works himself into such a position that he can no longer exercise effective command."

He believed in his own luck. "Any general has to, if he is to bear up under the strain." "Don't worry about things you can't help; worry about those you can." Many of us could profit from that motto.

The whole confused and embarrassing episode of political juggling with the French in North Africa is treated here from a new angle, that of Eisenhower instead of the State Department. The much apologized-for Robert Murphy emerges here as an "incredibly inept" diplomat, and General Giraud as "a military and political nonentity" with such an enormous vanity that he presented himself to Eisenhower originally, in the rock of Gibraltar, with the announcement: "General Giraud has arrived. General Giraud is ready to assume command of the operation."

As for himself, Eisenhower adhered throughout the war to his policy that no censorship should be imposed on criticism of him.

Chinese Danger-Spot

Last year, old China hands used to end many an argument by saying, "wait till 'J. B.'s' book comes out." Well, here is the story of China through the past twenty-five years, by the best-known and most widely-respected of Shanghai editors, J. B. Powell. It may be called, quite simply, *must* reading for all who are trying to follow one of the potentially most important and most dangerous situations in the world.

For let it be recalled that the United States fought the Pacific War because it would not agree to Japanese absorption of Manchuria and other parts of China, and that all present indications are that Russia is now quietly and tenaciously pressing a campaign of domination of Manchuria, ignoring repeatedly set evacuation dates.

In this connection one of Powell's chapters concerns the raid by Marshal Chang Tso-lin, dictator of Manchuria and warlord rival of Chiang Kai-shek, on the Soviet Embassy in Peking in 1927. Documents and propaganda material were found, and released to the press, "showing that the Russians were using the revenue and facilities of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which crosses North Manchuria, for the purpose of spreading Communism throughout China. In 1924 the U. S. S. R. signed an agreement with China for joint control and operation of the railway, but this agreement was not carried out."

Two years later "young Marshal" Chang seized the railway, along with the Russian railwaymen and a number of Chinese Communists working with them. This time, apparently, the Red Army is staying on to forestall any such direct action.

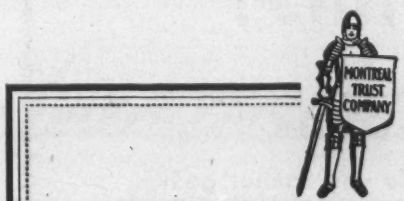
"Explanation of the War"

It is entirely unjust to leave only a few paragraphs for Alan Moorehead's "Eclipse." For my money, Moorehead is the best correspondent of the war, and in his broad experience on many fronts, his many opportunities to discuss things with the generals, the artistry of his work, his feeling for the psychology of our own soldiers as well as of the German enemy, and his understanding of strategy and war aims on the broadest lines.

Summing up his experience, Moorehead says that "not all the cynicism, not all the ugliness and fatigue in the world" will take away from the people who experienced it "that moment in which they were suddenly projected out of a shallow and materialistic world into an atmosphere where there were possibilities of touching the heights." "Here and there a man found greatness in himself, a surpassing satisfaction, a sense of exactly and entirely fulfilling one's life."

"Whatever material hardship and monotony lie ahead, the soldier will remember that he made his ultimate gesture, that he did something quite selfless to justify his history, himself and his children. He was, for a moment in time, a complete man." We had not capitulated. We had taken up this challenge of the brutalization of man. We had won. "All mankind advances. And this will be a matter of some lasting strength to those who fought. This, in the end, I saw was the thing I was seeking: the explanation of the war."

"Eclipse" is *the* correspondent's story of the final phase of the war in the West, from Sicily to Berlin.



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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Versatile Beaudet and Coulter Fill Important C.B.C. Posts

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

I AM fascinated by the dual operations of Jean Marie Beaudet. Mr. Beaudet spends Mondays and Tuesdays in Toronto acting as C.B.C. supervisor of music. The balance of the week he spends in Montreal as director of the C.B.C. French network. In between, he is a much sought-after concert pianist. Now and then he makes public speeches.

Last week Mr. Beaudet was in Texas appearing as accompanist for Raoul Jobin, the Metropolitan Opera singer who hails from Quebec. This week he was guest conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at its Friday night "Pop" concert. Later this month Mr. Beaudet is to make a concert appearance in Montreal with the French-Canadian coloratura, Pierrette Alarie, winner of a Metropolitan audition of the air scholarship.

That's not all! On Sunday, March 24, Jean Beaudet is to be guest artist, playing the piano, on "Stardust Serenade", from Montreal.

SINCE his coming to Canada from Ireland in 1936, John Coulter has become one of the leading literary figures in the Dominion. His "Transit Through Fire", written in collaboration with Dr. Healey Willan, has been broadcast several times. For several weeks he had his own program on the C.B.C., commenting on books and radio plays. After rather a lean time financially, Coulter has now sold a play to Eddie Dowling, a New York actor-producer, and Dowling says he will produce it on Broadway. An astute theatre man, Dowling isn't likely to buy plays that haven't stuff enough in them for production, and it's more than likely he sees in the play a part for himself.

Coulter's play is called "Oblomoff", after a book by the same name, written in 1858 by Ivan Goncharoff. John Coulter has carried the book in his pocket for many months, knowing that one day the spirit would move him to write a play from its contents.

The Arts and Letters Club of Toronto is planning to give the play its Canadian première.

Coulter's name continues to be in the news through an announcement of the C.B.C. that in April they will present the first full-length opera to take its place in the literature of Canadian music. The opera is "Deirdre of the Sorrows", by Healey Willan, with libretto by John Coulter. The C.B.C. commissioned the work in November, 1943, and for various reasons its broadcast has been delayed until now.

"Deirdre of the Sorrows" will go on the Trans-Canada network on the Saturday afternoon following the conclusion of the Metropolitan Opera matinee broadcasts. Ettore Mazzoleni, associate conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, will conduct the performance. Leading Canadian soloists will sing the principal roles. Albert Whitehead is the opera's chorusmaster. Ernest Morgan of the production staff of the C.B.C. will be in charge of the broadcast.

A 20-YEAR-OLD Negro pianist from Montreal came to Toronto last week to make his Queen City debut in Massey Hall. He is Oscar Peterson, quite a sensation in modern music, whose fame has extended beyond Canadian borders but he prefers to remain in Montreal and prove his devotion to the cause of music in Canada.

Peterson makes Victor records and is heard regularly each week on national C.B.C. programs. In Montreal he plays with the Johnny Holmes orchestra. His story is another instance of youth overcoming handicaps. As an early performer on the trumpet he was obliged to give up this instrument because of lung trouble which kept him in hospital for a year. This was a factor which caused his rejection from all branches of the armed services.

So Oscar returned to his first love, the piano. He studied first with Paul de Marky, then he joined Johnny Holmes to whom he gives credit for much of his knowledge in modern music. Oscar now stands as an eminent exponent of sophisticated swing and modern moods, and has stood up to the best American jazz men in jam sessions. I am not an authority in that field, but those who are say that Oscar is an amazing performer, interpreter and creator.

LISTENERS to the Tuesday night "John and Judy" broadcast must have wondered what happened to the cast. Not only did its writer and producer, Babs Hitchman, resign, but she was followed by Alice Hill, Ruth Springford, Jane Mallett and Roxana Bond. The last four quit the show because they thought they deserved an increase in salary, and didn't get it. Babs Hitchman resigned after a little dispute with the agency that handles the broadcast.

The new "Judy" on the show is attractive Mona O'Hearn, recently named "Miss Radio 1946" in a contest conducted by a radio weekly. Bill Needles, who was the original "John", has returned from three and a half years' service with the United States army and has resumed his place on the broadcast.

Mrs. John Drainie, whose radio name is Claire Murray, now plays the part of Aunt Mary. Sandra has been "written out" of the script. "John and Judy" continues to be one of the best-loved broadcasts on the Canadian air-waves. Its rating has always been a source of satisfaction to its sponsor.

THERE have been several letters received about the C.B.C.'s refusal to allow Eddie Cantor to broadcast on the Canadian network. Most of them disagree with the attitude of the C.B.C., and the writers point out that it's a fairly simple matter to turn to an American station and hear Cantor to their hearts' content.

According to G. Walter Brown, an advertising executive of Montreal, the audition committee of the C.B.C. did not consider the program was good enough for Canadian listeners, that the humor verged on low burlesque, was suggestive in spots, and not suitable for homes in mixed company, especially where children were present.

Mr. Brown doesn't agree with this. Davidson Dunton and Dr. Augustin Frigon stand by the audition committee. Eddie Cantor (and "Mr. District Attorney," too) remain off the Canadian networks.

SCHOOL students in United States have been hearing about Canada this week. In the series "This Living World" the program this Thursday was on "The New Canada". It was heard on the C. B. S. American School of the Air, and also went over the Trans-Canada network of the C.B.C. Lister Sinclair, who has rapidly become one of the leading radio writers of Canada, wrote the script. Andrew Allan produced it. A special committee of five was set up to plan the program. Its members were Captain R. G. Cavell, chairman of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs; Walter Herbert, director of the Canada Foundation; Dr. C. E. Phillips, secretary of the Canada and Newfoundland Educational Association; R. S. Lambert, supervisor of educational broadcasts for the C.B.C.; and Arthur L. Phelps, head of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth section, C.B.C. international service.

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THE LONDON LETTER

Beaverbrook and Critchley Never Seem to Get Any Bouquets!

By P. O'D.

TWO eminent Canadians in Britain, who have been figuring rather prominently in the news of late, have at least this in common—they never seem to get proper credit for what they do. One is Lord Beaverbrook and the other Brig.-Gen. Critchley.

Lord Beaverbrook has just had to issue a denial that he was responsible for the Conservative campaign in the last election. Gen. Critchley has recently resigned from the position of Director-General of British Overseas Airways over questions of policy, following a lot of vexatious criticism.

I well remember, during the early days of the war, the universal feeling of confidence and satisfaction when Lord Beaverbrook was put in charge of aircraft production. "Now Things will get done", people said

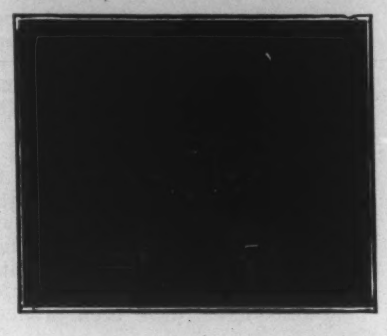
The survival of this nation as a nation hung just then on the production of fighter-planes, and "the Beaver" hurled himself into the job of turning out every possible plane, with all his genius for organization, his intense concentration, and furious drive. He got the planes.

Were people grateful? Not a bit of it! As soon as the job was done—the first and most vital part of the job—personal difficulties cropped up, the old suspicion and hostility asserted itself, and Lord Beaverbrook passed on to other work. He is the sort of man whom the big and difficult jobs seek out, who does them as very few men can, but whose immense services seem never to get adequate recognition from the public. And if anything goes wrong, he is almost the first man they blame.

The Conservative campaign in the general election went wrong, very wrong. Mr. Churchill's first broadcast, the one that started the Donnybrook Fair, was considered a mistake. Who was blamed for all this? Mr. Churchill? No, Lord Beaverbrook! And that absurd story has gone on being repeated on all sides, until finally he has had to come out with a public denial — a denial flat, detailed, and, it is to be hoped, final.

Gen. Critchley, in his different field, seems to suffer from the same queer inability to win popular approval. He, too, is a man of great administrative ability, of unflagging energy, of ruthless driving force. He, too, has rendered great public service, as Air Commodore in the R.A.F. until May, 1943, and, from then on, as Director-General of British Airways. In this latter post he has done admirable work, raising the annual mileage from 13,000,000 to 30,000,000, and changing a deficit of £2,300,000 a year into a surplus of £1,500,000. It is a record to be proud of.

Now Gen. Critchley has resigned mainly because of a difference over future policy, but also after a good many personal difficulties and a great deal of adverse criticism in the Press and in Parliament, criticism which proved to be almost entirely unfounded. He also seems to be the sort of man people are quick and eager to blame. One can understand his being disliked by the people who get in his way—tact and drive don't often go together—but why should the man in the street be suspicious? The Lord only knows, but he is — which is deuced ungrateful of him.



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ART AND ARTISTS

Robert La Palme's Paintings Are Witty Comment on Warfare

By PAUL DUVAL

FOR some years now, thousands of French-Canadians have rollicked at the witty cartoons of *petit*, sprightly Robert La Palme. La Palme's political drawings in the Liberal *Le Canada* and his series of caricatures of prominent Canadians in the weekly *Le Jour* have gained him a reputation, among readers of those journals, as Canada's most consistently brilliant cartoonist. His carrot-nosed figure of Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis is now as famous, in its way, as David Low's Colonel Blimp. A less subtle draughtsman than Low, but possessed of a much more decorative fancy, La Palme may be placed, I believe, among the top-flight political cartoonists active anywhere today.

"V-J Day as seen by Picasso", one of a group of four—painted by La Palme after the manner of modern masters, included in the current exhibit at The Fine Art Galleries, Eaton's-College Street. On looking closely, one can distinguish besides Roosevelt, the faces of the other wartime leaders, Stalin, Churchill, Mussolini, Hirohito.

Not long ago, the wilful La Palme turned his decorative talents to the designing of a series of panels based on the theme of war. These flat patterned, richly-colored creations are an irreverent retelling of martial history. When exhibited in Manhattan's Bonestell Gallery last year, and more recently at Montreal's Art Association, the La Palme parodies received an enthusiastic press and a large and admiring audience.

How Torontonians, who are currently able to see them at the Eaton's Fine Art Galleries, will react to these La Palme creations will be interesting to record. But they are not so very far from Walt Disney and Edmund Dulac that they should prove indigestible, however much the Miro-like patterning and anatomical distortions might disturb the Toronto citizen's sense of pictorial propriety.

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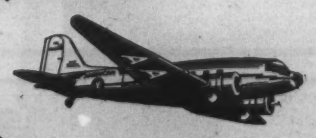

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Franz Werfel's Prophet-Fantasy On Fifty Milleniums Ahead

STAR OF THE UNBORN, by Franz Werfel. (Macmillans, $3.25)

ALL fiction, no doubt, is a form of dreaming, under strict control. But a good many writers in English have loosed the controls, sometimes to scarify their own age, as Swift did in "Gulliver's Travels," sometimes for propaganda, as Bellamy in "Looking Backward," or Bunyan in "Pilgrim's Progress," sometimes, one imagines, for the amusement of carrying logical concepts to their innate absurdity.

Franz Werfel, having lingered long enough on the border of ordered thought to produce the strangely moving "Song of Bernadette" stepped over to begin wondering how mankind would look some fifty thousand years hence. Would there be as much difference as a Neanderthal man would find, if he could have a look at the California folk of today? The only way to find out was to pursue some of the present thought-habits to their crazy end.

Naturally the beginning-point was the final phrases in the Apostles' Creed, "the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." Werfel imagined himself a ghost in the costume of his burial; tails and a boiled shirt, with a literary medal, or Government Order of some sort, on his left coat lapel. He comes into a society where all textile clothing has been supplanted by strange lights, modestly concealing and at the same time glorifying the naked flesh, where no one can vocalize any unpleasant or derogatory thought, where comfort and smoothness have been produced

The late Franz Werfel

to infinity — and stupidity. Green grass—being too common—has been replaced by a leathern greyness of vegetation, and there are no houses above ground.

So his imagination runs riot in what seems to be an extreme of humor, but on second thought turns out to be grim enough. The Last Great War, for example, lasted only 3 and 3-tenths minutes, when the chosen ten thousand on each side were completely annihilated.

The only institutions which have outlived the ages are Christianity and Jewry; the first having absorbed all the sects and the latter being still plagued by orthodoxy and reform.

If you get "in the mood" the book is fascinating, despite its 300,000 words, for Werfel had learning, taste and writers' charm. There is romantic interest in the fact that the doctors had given him only a brief span of life, that he occupied his last two years in getting this strangely complicated dream on paper, and died before it was published. But if "the mood" escapes you, you will "skip" pages and pages; and then lay down the book before finishing it.

The General

EISENHOWER, The Liberator, by André Maurois. (Oxford, $2.50.)

A RECORD for 'teen-age boys of the Allied commander's rise from the obscurity of a Kansas village to world eminence, and stressing the common sense and humility of the man. It is illustrated in color, and luridly. The same book in French is available at the same price.

Intellectual Bird

THE SHOELACE ROBIN, by William Hall; drawings by Robert Lawson. (Oxford, $1.25.)

A WHIMSY, for the five-year-olds about the little boy who couldn't learn to lace his shoes until a robin taught him how. Only sixteen pages, with a laceable shoe in the back cover.

Towards Land's End

WEST-COUNTRY STORIES, by A. L. Rowse. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

FOLK TALES of Cornwall have an eerie quality, even as those of Ireland. Ghosts walk in that romantic countryside and some people believe in them. Odd figures are still remembered even though they may have lived five centuries ago, and the solemnest local history must needs make mention of them.

There is romance in the chronicles of Plymouth and the region round about, for was not the Black Prince himself the first Duke of Cornwall, and the Royal title still persists whenever there be a living Prince of Wales.

Mr. Rowse writes with grace and with affection for his native heath.

Canadian Inventory

ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA, by A. W. Currie. (Macmillans, $3.50)

SEVEN well-marked regions make up the Dominion of Canada. The Maritime Provinces, Gaspé and the Eastern Townships of Quebec are an extension of the Appalachian mountain system, of low granite hills with secondary areas of sandstone and limestone. The arable land is patchy, and seems best adapted, considering the moderate climate, for apples and potatoes. Coal, iron, gold and asbestos are mined successfully, the lumbering industry and the fisheries are important, and yet prosperity has been hampered, if not stopped, by foreign and local tariffs, and by changing dietary habits in foreign countries which formerly took great quantities of salt fish.

This regional story is elaborated to 60 pages. In like manner the book deals at length with the St. Lawrence lowlands, the prairies, the Mountain region, the Canadian shield the Mackenzie Valley and the sub-Arctic tundra, describing in great detail the geology, the climate and precipitation, the present production and the economic possibilities in each area.

The author emphasizes the unique danger of Canada's economy; that one-third of the total income of Canadian people rests on the ability to sell goods abroad. Dr. Currie is Associate Professor of Commerce in the University of British Columbia.

Heroes All

THE FALAISE ROAD, by Alan Wood. (Macmillans, $1.00.)

DO YOU know what the Canadians did between Caen and Falaise? An Australian correspondent with our army knows, and in this little book of 64 pages he pays tribute to the stark gallantry that smashed the German line at its strongest point. Of the last offensive before Caen he describes the Canadian advance against no fewer than a hundred German guns and pays a tribute of admiration to The Calgary Highlanders, the Royal Highlanders of Canada (Black Watch,) the Royal Regiment of Canada, the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry and the Cameron Highlanders of Canada. The final chapter, entitled The Truth About France, is illuminating.

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THE BOOKSHELF

If Backgrounds Are Flood-Lighted What About The Forestage?

THE STARS INCLINE, a novel, by Clyde Brion Davis. (Oxford, $3.00.)

FRESH from College and a course in Journalism Barney Morgan, of a mid-west small town, gets a reporter-job on the Denver *Post* and dreams dreams of becoming a famous newspaper man. He covers unpromising assignments and finds stories hitherto overlooked. His nose for news is sharp and long. His manner of writing is crisp and individual. His spirit is that of a homespun mid-west liberal, earnest and optimistic about the-world-and-all and indignant at the shortcomings of men and nations.

He leaves the *Post* for the Denver branch of a national news-service. He meets a glamorous creature named Marjorie, playing at commercial art and gets only partial encouragement—but encouragement. He is called to the new York head-office and finds Marjorie, who balks at marriage as hindering her "career". But after a period as his mistress she consents to become Marjorie Morgan, mainly because the signature on her pictures should be pleasing to customers; if only by alliteration.

The girl is a complete "phony" stifling his ambitions, crossing all his ideals; an embodiment of Kipling's "rag and bone and a hank of hair." Breaking away from her in a moment of sanity he goes to Spain, then to North Africa and to Normandy, collecting material for some shining correspondence—and three wounds as well. While he is in hospital Marjorie divorces him and marries another fool.

He returns to New York weary and disillusioned, with all enthusiasm for his profession dead. All he wants is to get back to his "folks" and the small-town life. Then he thinks of Joan, a sensible girl in Denver, and in another flash of sanity calls her by Long Distance.

The plot is shopworn but serves as the excuse for a series of backgrounds, all floodlighted so that even the smallest details are visible. The newspaper "game" in Denver and New York, the social and political sets, east and west, the art-y set in New York are seen through bourgeois eyes and all look common and cheap.

The author did a better piece of work in "The Rebellion of Leo McGuire."

Realist Tales

IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN, and Other Stories, by V. S. Pritchett. (Oxford, $2.00.)

THERE is no chocolate-cream quality about the short stories in this collection. The characters, for the most part, are a hypocritical lot seen through the eyes of a boy who is shamed by their companionship. And yet they have a comic quality, even in their repulsiveness. And the writing is rich and compelling in its realism, brave with unusual and humorous similes, lean and vivid. Often the pity of good poetry lurks behind the surface sheen. For this is no rose-water world and the fact is clear to the man with an eye to see and the unusual power to write exactly what he sees — with a grim smile.

Horror Story

EXPERIMENT E., by Leon Szalet. (Oxford, $4.50.)

A POLISH Jew was living and working in Berlin when war was about to be declared. He sought and obtained aeroplane passage to London, but without a *visa*. Immigration officials at the Croydon airport held him for deportation, promising to notify the Home Office which might make an exception in his case. No word came and he was returned to Berlin. Next day there was war.

The man was delivered, as an alien enemy, to the concentration camp of Sachsenhausen. After eight months of suffering and degradation at the hands of SS demons and bestial guards he was released through the resolute labors of his daughter, fled to Genoa, and thence to the Orient.

This book is a day-by-day account of his imprisonment and of the patient, brotherly fortitude of all prisoners, mostly marked for mutilation and death. Such a catalogue of measured and determined cruelty has seldom been printed. It is no book for idle entertainment. The story would be incredible, but for the corroboration from Dachau, Buchenwald and other such camps proved to have been conducted on the same hellish principles.

Too Imaginative

STUART LITTLE, by E. B. White. (Musson, $2.50.)

THE Mickey Mouse idea, carried to a fantastic extreme; as if the second son of the Little family was not a boy, but a mouse. Without a background of sanity fantasy, however well done, is a bore.

In Sicilian Hills

FROM PACHINO TO ORTONA, The Canadian Campaign in Sicily and Italy, 1943. (King's Printer, Ottawa, 25c.)

THIS is the second official record published under the authority of the Minister of National Defence. Like its predecessor it is finely printed on coated paper and is illustrated with reproductions in color and in black-and-white of sketches by eminent Canadian artists. Since this campaign was the first in which our forces came into conflict with some of the best German divisions the story of persistence unto victory is thrilling.

Modern Fairy Tale

THE PALE BLONDE OF SANDS STREET, a novel, by William Chapman White. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

SPEAK of fairy stories and your mind leaps to the far past. You're thinking of Puss in Boots or The Sleeping Beauty or Red Ridinghood. It doesn't seem reasonable to place them in our own day. Of course we have stories; processions of them. But they're about ordinary people like you and me who have our sort of troubles, some cheap and common, some really serious. Truly, once in a blue moon a bit of magic flares up, mostly in Ireland. Here's one from Brooklyn; and still Irish, though transplanted.

It tells of a girl with blue eyes, golden hair and a soft voice who makes a bare living as a waitress. One day she meets a sailor who comes out of the Navy Yard on a twelve hour leave. He is young, late of South Dakota — and the South Pacific — and comes ashore determined to find a girl, to see green grass, to eat a New York meal that costs more than $13, and to walk on Broadway. For a whole day they are together, falling in love terribly, irrevocably, and he gives her a lucky coin as a souvenir.

It's a marvelous coin, one of the O'Flaherty mint, which has the power to make any wish come true — if two people can be found who wish the same thing. The demoniac thing about it is that congenitally no two Irish folk can be found in perfect agreement. But the young people wish inconsequent things successfully. Then in a moment of pique they both wish that the sailor was back on ship. World's end for both!

The coin has another devastating power. It condemns the holder to search the world over while asleep, looking for the one thing most desired, with no hope of finding it. So begins a thrilling ghost story with the wraith of the girl visiting battleship and cruiser, submarine and destroyer, troopship and carrier, asking "Do you know Johnny Smith of South Dakota?" and scaring officers and ratings into "a state". The rich knowledge of the author concerning the Navy and naval men makes this section particularly vivid.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Toronto Choir and Orchestra Are Dramatic in Elgar's Oratorio

By JOHN H. YOCOM

"THE Dream of Gerontius" as sung last week by the Mendelssohn Choir with the Toronto Symphony Ochestra leaves one quite uncritical. Faults there may have been but the total effect was so impressive, almost overpowering, that they cannot be remembered.

First let us talk about the choir. It is a difficult assignment for any group of singers to impersonate mourning relatives, assistants to the clergy, angels, archangels, demons, and friends calling from earth to the other world. But the Mendelssohn singers under the inspired leadership of Sir Ernest MacMillan and accompanied by the efficient T.S.O. did just those things most realistically. The Mendelssohn Choir, always noted for fine singing, displayed artistry of the finest type last week.

There have been some amazing expressions of genius in the choral forms created by the Church. Some have gone further than others in the direction of dramatic realism, without actually resorting to costumes, scenery and stage action. But the fragrant mysticism of the Roman Catholic oratorio reaches a high point in Elgar's wonderful setting of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Elgar was both a mystic and a musician, and his Gerontius choral work, more than any other, shows with what great intensity he exercised his imagination. Like Bach's Passions or his Mass in B minor, Elgar's music gave one the sensation of music expressing ecstasy and awe.

The three soloists were admirable. New York tenor William Hain as Gerontius was good both as the dying, righteous man and as the disembodied spirit. His singing of the role was a remarkable feat of poignant and imaginative vocalism in four basically contrasted phases: (1) in the tranquil passages of resignation before death, "I fain would sleep; the pain has wearied me. . . Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands"; (2) in the anguish of dying, "O Jesu help! Pray for me, Mary, pray"; (3) in the wonderment of after-death, "I hear a singing; yet in sooth I cannot of that music rightly say whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones. Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!" (4) in the naive conversations with the Angel, "What lets me now from going to my Lord?"

Mr. Hain's sincerity, tone balance and power were more than adequate to the demands of Elgar's score.

Miss Eileen Law, Toronto Conservatory teacher of voice, sang the role of the Angel with ecstatic and ethereal qualities. With tone of crystal clarity her soaring upper notes floated above the chorus and orchestral background, and only on the rarest occasion were they drowned in the large waves of harmony and counterpoint sweeping behind her.

Ex-American bomber-pilot James Pease sang the bass role of the Priest with great conviction and mobility of expression. In the second half as the Angel of Agony, he sang the solo "Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee!" with the force of good drama at a point of climax.

Demons' Chorus

One of the most realistic and gripping sequences in all music literature is the Demons' Chorus. Last week the choir and orchestra electrified the audience with the impressiveness of throaty, unison "Ha! ha's", atonal harmonies and instrumental climaxes, full of macabre suggestiveness. J. E. Middleton, a former tenor of the Mendelssohn Choir, says that when the choir sang "The Dream" in 1925 with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Dr. H. A. Fricker instructed the singers to "forget all you have ever learned in the matter of voice-production" for the Demons' Chorus. Last week the choir repeated the technique, was dramatically convincing in portraying devils —"low-born clods of brute earth, aspiring to become gods"—seeking to capture the soul of Gerontius on its way to the Throne.

Music lovers should be eternally thankful to St. Philip of Neri (1515-1595), who was the first ecclesiastic to give approval to the musical mysteries and miracle plays that had been popular during the 13th and 14th Centuries. In his chapel or oratory (hence name) he had spiritual songs sung after sermons and devotions. Gradually the spiritual songs gave place to musical settings of sacred stories.

After Bach it was Handel who brought the form of oratorio, as an epic treatment of religious music, to its highest perfection with his "Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus" and "Samson".

"The Messiah" will be given performances in St. Paul's Church, Toronto, on March 18, and 25. Frederick Silvester, with Dr. Charles Peaker at the organ, will conduct a choir of over 150 voices. Soloists for the first performance will be Alice Strong Rourke, soprano, Mary Palmateer, contralto, Jean Letourneau, tenor, and George Lambert, bass.

Victory Choir

The one redeeming feature in the history of oratorio during the first three-quarters of the 19th Century was the work of Mendelssohn with his "St. Paul" and "Elijah." On March 28 in Massey Hall, Toronto's 160-voice Victory Choir will commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first performance of "Elijah" under the composer's baton in Birmingham, England. Robert Hatley will conduct and a 50-piece orchestra will accompany.

• •

"Pop" Broadcast Was Better for Piano

LAST week radio listeners to the Pop concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ettore Mazzoleni, got a better idea of the main number for orchestra and piano than did the audience in Massey Hall. In Cadman's fantasy piece, "Dark Dancers of the Mardi Gras", blonde, good-looking Mary Syme of Hamilton, Ontario, played the piano part. Except of the solo in the middle of the composition, her performance was completely lost in the loud playing of the orchestra.

Radio listeners tell me that this was not the case in the broadcast. The piano passages were completely audible. Perhaps the stage microphone placed a few feet away from the piano accounted for the difference.

One can blame neither the orchestra nor Miss Syme, whose work is of a high order and whose capacities for piano interpretation showed to much better advantage in the Grieg Concerto in A minor during the second half. It is simply that the Cadman piece is too fully orchestrated — too many instruments playing too loudly and too often. This writer is one who prefers economy in instrumentation unless the effect definitely needs the full body of the orchestra. The Cadman piece, supposed to reflect the fantastic, grotesque and bizarre spirit of the carnival as celebrated by the New Orleans Negroes, is noisy, full of syncopation, with xylophones and tambourines underlining themes and rhythms. No Negro themes have been used and that fact has robbed the composition of a characteristic which might have distinguished it. In his "Mississippi Suite" Ferde Grofé dealt with the same idea, did a better job. Even Cadman's quiet melodic portion is not as good as the corresponding one in Grofé.

Miss Syme played the Grieg Concerto with a skill that only comes of long and serious study and a consciousness of the majesty in concerto form. In the first movement occasional over-pedalling reduced the clarity of the melodic line but this was corrected later. Her cadenzas rippled evenly and crisply; her fortissimo chords and octaves spoke forcefully.

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WED. EVG.; Graziana; Fair at Sorochinsk; Princess Aurora
THURS. EVG.: Swan Lake; Gift of the Magi; Fancy Free; Graduation Ball
FRI. EVG.: Interplay; Firebird; Fancy Free; Bluebeard
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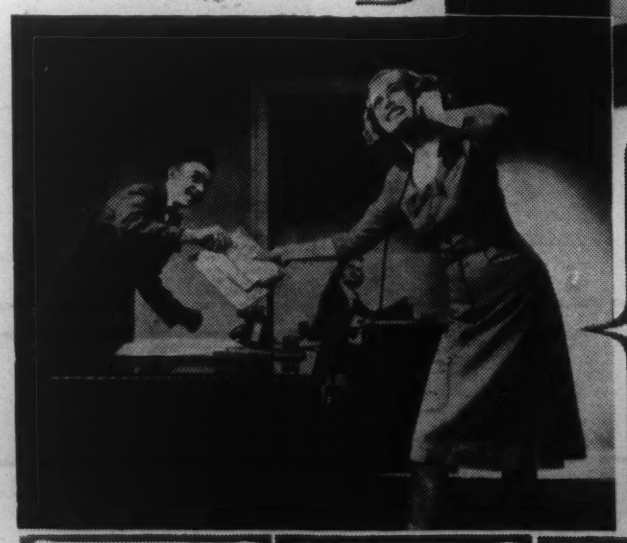
The World Looked Black when Bedelia woke this morning feeling dismal and logy. Poor girl—with a dull, nagging headache adding pounds to her load of misery. And to make matters worse, the laxative she took didn't bring the complete relief she needed. No one but herself to blame—because she hadn't followed that good, old, time-tested advice—*laxative action alone is not enough.*



Not So Foolish was Prudence. She, too, felt low and headachy this morning—but she knew the answer. First thing out of bed she got after both causes of her distress with Sal Hepatica—the sparkling saline laxative that *also* helps to combat gastric acidity. Now she's on top of the world, peppy and smiling, her old self again. Take a tip from this wise girl and rely on gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!

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THE FILM PARADE

Two Pairs of Identical Twins And Ectoplasmic Phenomena

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THAT'S the difference between talent and genius," Oscar Levant once remarked as he climbed into an upper berth, leaving the lower one to George Gershwin. Another way of illustrating the distinction is to put Danny Kaye and Fred MacMurray into pictures with similar plots.

Fred MacMurray's talent has settled down to a steady routine, and Danny Kaye's particular genius is still in the making. MacMurray can be funny in a funny role, and Danny Kaye can be funny in anything. Fred MacMurray is more and more content to present himself simply as the presentable Fred MacMurray. Danny Kaye is a vortex of personalities, with Danny Kaye at the centre.

In "Pardon My Past" Fred MacMurray plays identical twins, the one a hero, the other a heel, though as it works out on the screen the differences between the two are negligible. The hero, just back from the war, is set upon by a scholarly bookmaker (Akim Tamiroff) and deprived of his war-savings. So in the hope of reimbursing himself he moves into the well-to-do circles of his unknown twin, and this starts the usual train of events, with most of the ensuing situations as alike as box-cars. Nobody on the screen can tell one twin from the other, and though the audience is in on the secret from the first, this turns out to be no advantage at all. The people on the screen in fact seemed to be having a good deal more fun out of it than anyone in the audience.

Only One Wonder Man

No one could blame Fred MacMurray for contributing nothing more than a routine performance to all this dull confusion. It was just his bad luck that Danny Kaye should turn up in the same screen situation and demonstrate what can be done, even with second-rate material, by a comic hell-bent on success and — what is rarer — fully equipped to bring it off. In "Wonder Man" one of the twins is an introvert bookworm, the other an extrovert night-club entertainer, and the versatile Danny is able to turn himself inside out at will; and while this results in any amount of confusion very little of it is likely to strike you as tedious.

Edwin is the scholar twin, and one day while he is studying in the Public Library he hears strange music and is hypnotically drawn to Prospect Park. There his late twin brother, Buzzy Bellew, materializes out of the water where his body has been casually dumped after a gang murder. Buzzy insists that Edwin take over his spot in the night-club and to make sure that he does, takes over Edwin. What happens after that to the Buzzy-possessed Edwin is roughly comparable to what can happen to a top-heavy Sam Goldwyn production when invaded and demoniacally possessed by Danny Kaye.

While Danny can settle down without difficulty to a sober role, a sort of controlled frenzy appears to be his specialty. Occasionally you may feel as though you were being walloped over the head by some of his impersonations — for example, the study of a Russian baritone struggling to render "Otchi Tchomiya" through spasms of hay fever — but the effect though distracting, is never dull. "Wonder Man" ends with an operatic sequence which is almost as violent as though all four Marx Brothers had been let loose on the stage at once — the diva who takes the brunt of the attack may even remind you of the unshatterable Madame Dumont. But while Danny Kaye at his height is as funny and violent as the Marx Brothers, there is nothing derived about his comedy. It's his very own and though he works at it tremendously he is so obviously in love with his work that no sense of effort is passed on to the audience.

A Non-Clicker

"Scarlet Street" a follow-up of "The Woman in the Window" was apparently put together on the theory that a combination that unlocked the box office once will do it again. The combination is Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson and Dan Duryea, and though they are arranged in practically the same positions the combination this time fails to click. Mr. Robinson as a middle-aged cashier, falls in love with a street-acquaintance (Joan Bennett) a sluttish young woman with no more principles than an alley cat. Dan Duryea, formidably cast as a combination pimp and blackmailer promptly turns up to take his cut. When the cashier, a dabbler in paint, turns out to be a modern master, it looks as though the cut might be considerable. Before he can realize on his prospects however, though none too soon for me, the cashier kills his horrid sweetheart with an ice-pick. There is a carefully devised ending to prove that nobody gets anything at all out of this dismal mess. Incidentally Mr. Robinson, a reputed connoisseur, must have been given quite a turn by the masterpieces for which, as the amateur artist, he is made responsible.

SWIFT REVIEW

SPELLBOUND. Hitchcock with Freudian trimmings. On the whole the Hitchcock fans will get more out of it than the Freudians. Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck.

THE LOST WEEKEND. The brilliantly contrived screen version of Charles Jackson's study in acute alcoholism. With Ray Milland.

THE SEVENTH VEIL. Another psychiatric study, this time of a frustrated pianist. Excellent music and good casting may make it worth while even for people who are tired of screen psycho-analysis. Ann Todd, James Mason.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. Fairly exciting melodrama, with Charles Boyer and Lauren Bacall involved in the Spanish Civil War. Mr. Boyer as a Spanish republican is fine, but Miss Bacall seems to have got into the wrong picture.

MILDRED PIERCE. Some typical Cain characters engage in lust, murder and business thuggery. With Joan Crawford and Zachary Scott.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Washington Diplomats Cope with Capital's Revived Social Life

By HOPE RIDINGS MILLER

Washington.

IT'S a diplomatic reception in the flossy Washington manner and your engraved invitation reads "From five to seven o'clock," with an underlined directive, "Please present at door." You time your arrival for six o'clock. (Midway through any Capital reception, activity is full speed ahead, and the host and hostess are falling into the spirit of the thing, and actually look as if they are having a good time.)

Several long black limousines, bearing low license plates and distinguished guests, are nosing into the driveway ahead of your taxicab. There are the French Ambassador and Mme. Bonnet, just going in. Certainly they are among the more decorative diplomats. You make a mental note of that frothy pink chapeau atop Mme. Bonnet's upswept coiffeur. (She used to be a milliner, and you wonder if her nimble fingers turned out that fetching confection.)

Inside the door, in the softly-lighted marble hallway, you deposit your wraps. A few paces away a couple of men are poring over the guest list, checking names as invitations are presented. "I'm Mrs. Clark," says a bright-eyed slip of a woman as she steps up, bid in hand. "Mrs. Clark. Mrs. Tom Clark?" mumbles the man as his pencil moves down a typewritten page. "Yes, oh yes. Go right along, Mrs. Clark."

"Please return my invitation," says a plushy dowager in the advance echelon. "I always keep my invitations," she adds with a twitter as her name is checked. "Some day, I'm going to write a book about all the Washington parties I've been to . . ."

Your name is pencilled off and you are on your way up the thickly-carpeted steps to the second-floor drawing room. Running interference for you before you greet your host and hostess is an impressive-looking, gray-haired chap you've been seeing at important parties around town for a decade. "How do you do, Ridgewell," you say with something of an air. Ridgewell rallies with a bow that enhances his immaculate elegance, and then turns and passes your name on to the hostess. You summon your party smile, step up and gurgle something about, "So nice to see you again." You say the same thing with different words as you shake hands with your host. Then you run the gauntlet between a double line of the more punctual guests, and hope you can remember the names of everyone you meet, time and time again, at parties like this.

You see Mrs. Robert H. Jackson across the room, and make a beeline toward her to ask when she expects her husband back from Nuernberg. On the way over you run across Mrs. Harold L. Ickes and stop to chat with her. She takes a few pot-shots at persons who have been taking pot-shots at her husband. "His stand on Ed Pauley was absolutely right," she adds, significantly. (Her red hair is lovely, you say to yourself. Have you ever seen her wearing a hat? Not that you can remember) . . . Judge and Mrs. Bennett Clark (she's the former Violet Heming, of stage fame, you remind yourself) create a flurry of interest as they enter the drawing room, and are soon surrounded.

Lord Halifax Arrives

"There's Halifax," someone whispers, and you look up to see the tall, spare British Ambassador coming in. "They say," continues your whispering informant, "that his successor, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, simply loathes big parties. He'll have a heck of a time in Washington if he does."

Suddenly, everyone seems to be drifting through the vast door that leads to the dining room. You join the charge of the hungry brigade. "These people set a mighty good table," quips Leon Henderson to a couple of Southern senators. Agriculture Secretary Anderson, at one glance, takes in the sumptuous spread and observes, "Yes, there's no doubt about it. There's enough food in America so that we can send some of it to starving peoples elsewhere." After a couple of bold conversational forays with a Latin American diplomat on your left, and a Washington cliff-dweller on your right, you decide everyone in this room is talking about only one thing—food. You shift back to the drawing room, now traffic-jammed to the walls. The host has left the receiving line and is mingling happily in the crowd. You catch a glimpse of Mrs. Fred Vinson, of Mrs. James Byrnes, of Assistant State Secretary and Mrs. Will Clayton. You see the Dutch Ambassador and General Russell Maxwell.

By now, the throng is thinning out, perceptibly. Your watch says seven o'clock; and presently you are on the stairway, part of the moving mass of descending guests. You brace yourself as you see the seething mob in the lower hallway; then slowly make your way to the room where you deposited your coat an hour before. As you stand in line, patiently waiting, you hear innumerable passing persons echoing the concensus, "Nice party. Very nice party. Almost as pleasant as those we enjoyed in the pre-war days."

Quite obviously, social reconversion in Washington is already well under way.

Guest Towels and/or Guests at Our House

By FREDERIC MANNING

I AM about to start a training school for guests. It will have nothing to do with how to enter a room so that everyone will turn and murmur "What charm! What grace!" Neither will it have to do with bright and scintillating conversation so that you are a "must" on every hostess' guest list, one of those persons that always make a party "go".

No — my line is the use of guest towels, and why don't they?

We are a small family so we have room in our bathing department for a good long towel rail for each member. On this we each keep our own face towel, face cloth, bath towel and, at night, the freshly laundered stockings.

Before one of our infrequent *soirees* we hopefully lay out quantities of guest towels on ledges and shelves. These towels range from the well named finger tip size to those that one can bury a good sized face in, none of them marked Mr. and Mrs. or His and Her's.

What happens?

I don't know why all our guests go to three or four parties before coming to ours and then, when reaching our house, all dash upstairs to wash. I don't know the answer — but they all do. The traffic up and down is terrific.

Traffic Jam

In between shaking up another batch of cocktails I wonder vaguely if we have put out enough towels to take care of the heavy demand.

Have we? We have!

After the last guests have dragged their muddy overshoes over our living-room rug showing us how simple Russian dances are to do, and depart with a permanently thrown ligament, we repair to our bath-room to collect the used towels. And we are always greeted by the same sight.

The guest towels are practically untouched, but not the family towels. They usually look as if they had been used for mopping up the floor and polishing shoes. This means that our laundress, instead of washing a few small pieces of linen, has to scrub away on large towels and when I say scrub I mean scrub. She seldom stops until she reaches the back of them.

However, the climax came this past week and no man can be blamed this time.

We had a small cocktail party, involving the usual amount of running up and down stairs and the usual number of untouched guest towels.

Later that night, after taking a bath, I unfurled my bath towel and there right in the middle and neatly folded out of sight, was a more than generous amount of lipstick.

I have seen red guest towels and red table napkins, but I'll be damned if I'm going to set out looking for red bath towels.

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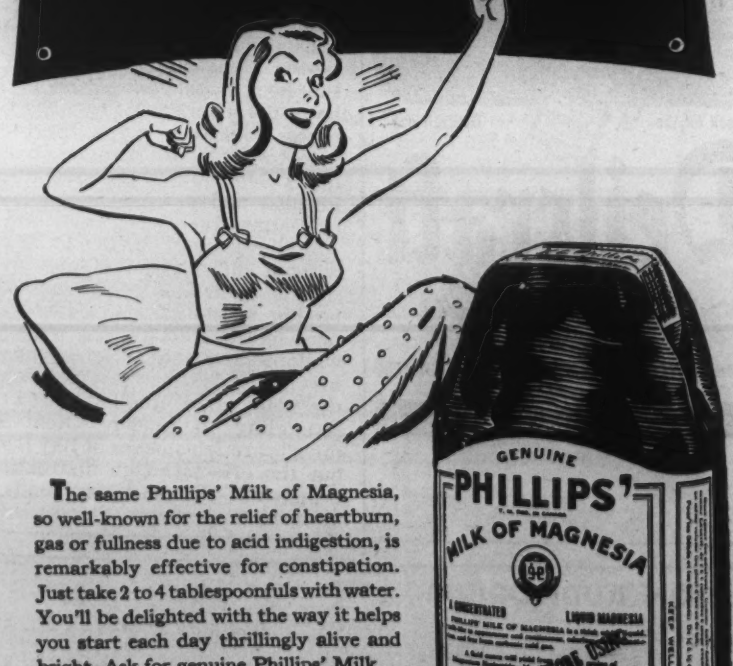

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MADE IN CANADA

She Reads the Financial Pages and She's in the Stock Market

By PHILLIP M. STONE

ONCE, mining was as taboo to women as the inside of a poolroom, and equally as disregarded by the female gender. But those days have gone the way of man's monopoly on smoking, playing the races, holding executive positions, and doing all the wolfing.

Yes, today milady has entered the portals of Canada's greatest industry and has become an essential part thereof. Go into any brokerage office these days and see for yourself the number of women intently (and intelligently) watching the fluctuations and workings of the ticker tape. Hear them talking in the jargon and slang of the market. And in their canny fashion, see them cleaning up on the market plays.

There are all types of women—in mink and cloth coats, matronly "home-bodies" and the sort that fit behind a secretarial desk. Women who nonchalantly pack their winnings in handsome bags of shining alligator; women who stow their profits away hungrily in well-worn Woolworth purses.

Yet, strange as it seems, there is no general resentment against their intrusion into the hallowed halls apart from that of the old, hard-bitten character, who still carries a chip on his shoulder because he has to line up behind women to get his monthly ration of liquor or for some other such reactionary male reason.

The mining industry, aggressive and progressive, is perhaps for this reason, the most democratic of all industries. It bars no one who can lend it a hand up the hill—black or white, gentile or Jew, male or female. It wisely enough realizes, too, that no branch of commerce has ever really made the grade without women's influence. And there are at least two very fine examples of how what is naively named "the weaker sex" have helped to further mining's future.

Women In Mining

The first is a tiny, enterprising lady who weighs about one hundred pounds wringing wet, and the top of her smartly coiffed head just reaches the five feet one inch mark. She is Mrs. Viola MacMillan of Toronto, president of the Prospectors' Association and the first woman to ever achieve this status. Married to a prospector and since that time a consistent worker for the improvement of the position of all connected with the mining industry in each and every capacity, Mrs. MacMillan has made herself an outstanding figure in what has clearly been up to this time a man's world.

The second lady to take the mining spotlight platform is the huskier Mrs. Anne Shipley, reeve of Teck Township (Kirkland Lake) who has earned large bouquets for her amazingly successful efforts on behalf of the development of her mine-supported constituency.

As an instance of the fine public relations job Mrs. Shipley is doing, consider her achievement of inducing the mayors and reeves of Ontario to hold their annual meeting in her mining community.

The 175 chief magistrates and officials were conducted on a tour of the district's mines, observed what modern, prosperous towns these metal producers had caused to be built and came away enthusiastic boosters.

Thanks to Mrs. Shipley.

Many women are employed in the various administration departments of mining and in the stock exchanges and brokerage offices. While there is a regulation prohibiting employment of women in certain mine localities, this was lifted during war-time because of the man-power shortage and just recently, to the regret of many mine-owners, was reinforced.

But more emphatic today is the entry by women into the field of stock speculation. Well aware that 90 percent of the merchant-advertised goods in the world today is appraised and purchased by her sex, madam stands confident and capable, calmly smoking her cigarettes, buying and selling gold stocks, base metal and industrial issues—to all the world a veteran.

And she is a good loser and a calm winner. She cannot be defined as conservative in her purchases, nor a wild speculator. Brokers report that the average woman specializes in one or two issues at a time which she hangs on to until she realizes a profit, time being no consideration. Too, she only buys what she can afford, unlike many men who purchase against the hope of quick profit without having the funds to pay for their issues.

What perhaps contributes most to women's success in the market is her inherent stamina and patience, two attributes vital to achievement in one of the most fascinating games of our time. A game that has no place for weaklings or cowards. Stamina is urgently required to hang on in discouraging moments, something the gals seem to have inherited from their pioneer grandmothers who never heard of the word "quit." Patience, they probably attained by having to put up with men.

It is difficult to define the cause for the sudden influx of women into mining and stocks. Perhaps it is that they have heard of the fortunes being made on today's rising market and they seek personal gain or family benefit. Or it may be that they are just in search of excitement—and, believe me, they have come to the right place!

Excitement Plus

Some men of the field venture the opinion that the invasion from the distaff side stems from the overall enlarged interest that women have come to take in world affairs during wartime. They argue that through this broadened scope the ladies have come to know the importance of the mining industry to Canada; that one out of every eleven Canadians is sustained by it; that the metals it produces face a vital role in the many new products scheduled for better living; that metals are an important contribution to the salient thing called reconversion.

Certainly, one of these suppositions should be right. We submit that the cause and effect finds its birth in a combination of all.

Plus this:

Milady, not being entirely altruistic, sees in the still youthful mining industry, both the fight she loves and the profits she can use.

Wish she'd give me some tips!

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Integrity of the "Hudson Seal" Name Is Carefully Protected

By BERNICE COFFEY

A WEEK or so ago this column ventured to pass on to its readers some advice on the care of their furs. Unfortunately for us, we were rash enough to mention "Hudson Seal" and bunnies in the same sentence. This we have learned since is regarded more in anger than pain by fur connoisseurs. Furthermore, we have been given to understand that every "Hudson Seal" coat in the land is quivering with outrage to the depth of its aristocratic pelt at the indignity of being classed with the amiable and prolific bunny family.

"Hudson Seal" is a trade name sacred only to muskrat dyed and treated by the furrier's technique to become the rich, soft fur to which the name is applied. It's one of our handsomest furs and commands a fancy price these days.

When rabbit tries to imitate its social betters, it is given names such as electric or Baltic seal, but never "Hudson Seal".

If you still are with us, Alaska Seal is another matter. This fur is tribute rendered unto fashion by the seals of the Pribilof Islands, small but important dots of land off the coast of Alaska. Guns have roared, men have died violently and nations have sat around the treaty table because women yearned to wrap themselves in this beautiful fur. It was one of the most fashionable furs of the Nineties, so coveted that the valuable seal herds were in danger of becoming extinct.

The Pribilof Islands, to which the seals return annually to arrange their domestic affairs, now are under the control of the United States Government. Before the war the catch was divided between the United States, Canada and Japan. Pearl Harbor finished that and now Canada and the United States share the catch.

And now, if this matter of rabbit that is not Hudson Seal, "Hudson Seal" that is not seal but muskrat, and Alaska Seal which is Alaska Seal, is not straightened out to everyone's satisfaction, don't bother to tell us about it.

Before The House

Dreams of the house they intend to call their own—mortgage and all—are the only things that make the housing shortage bearable for many of its hapless victims.

Mademoiselle's "Home Planning Scrap Book", by Elinor Hillyer, guides these escapist fancies into practical channels while providing them with plenty of nourishment to feed on. It's a large affair with a blue board cover held together with plastic links, and opens out flat which makes it convenient for poring over.

A dream house is apt to be a nebulous mixture of Colonial, Modern with, perhaps, a dash of Tudor and Southern Plantation. The book illustrates various types of house architecture, describes the surroundings in which they are at their happiest, advantages and disadvantages of their floor plans, and many things one should know when considering the important question of the style of the house.

Other pages do an equally efficient inside job. Tips on how to recognize and what to expect of the various grades of quality of furniture, linen, household appliances, should prove valuable lessons to those who have had little opportunity for cultivating a sharp eye for such matters during the years of scarcity. There is a lesson on how to combine and use colors—useful information whether or not an interior decorator is to take over when the last curl of wood shavings has been swept out the door.

Other items that will endear this book to its readers are the large envelopes, bound in, to hold in orderly fashion the numerous clippings gathered from everywhere. And at the back there are several pages ruled and scaled, every square representing a foot. These together with sketches of pieces of furniture (ready to be cut out), are to be used for room arrangement. With the "furniture" placed and shifted around on the floor scale, it's a simple matter to arrive at a very clear idea of how every room in the house will look—long before the time comes when the house is something more than a gleam in its owner's eye. (Published by Macmillan, Canada, $4.75.)

Peel The Moss

Even though one's closest approach to mining has been an occasional flurry in penny stocks, there are few Canadians who are not aware of the importance of mining to the nation's economy.

"Canada ranks at the very top of the world in production of nickel, asbestos and platinum; is second in production of gold, zinc, radium and uranium; third in the production of silver and copper; and fourth in the production of lead," says Mrs. Viola MacMillan, president of the Prospectors and Developers Association.

And that is why Mrs. MacMillan and the association of which she is head are hopeful that their proposal to designate the second Wednesday of every March as Canada's Mining Day will become a reality. It also is one of the many steps taken by the Association to interest boys—girls, too—now at school, in geology.

The date was chosen because it is in March the prospectors, "the men who peel the moss off the ground," as Mrs. MacMillan describes them, start to dust off their packsacks after a winter of dreaming about the vein they discovered years ago.

By the way, if you have the urge to do a little prospecting on your own, you might begin looking for a big deposit of lead. Canada has lead, says Mrs. MacMillan, but could use more because the world is getting short of it.

ANOTHER DAGON DOWN

THE Emperor of Japan
Lets it be known abroad
That he is but a man,
And not at all a god;
That the whole Shintoistic plan
Is nothing but a fraud.
He told his people they
Were not a super race;
That universal sway
Was not their destined place;
That they must be content to stay
Within their island space.
And so the Japs are back
To where they first began.
The atom-bomb attack
Smashed their imperial plan,
And hit their deity such a whack,
He's glad to be a man.

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

Young and yet so knowing, the narrow slim lines of this black and white check suit are adroitly accentuated by the flare back, new deep armholes, tapered waist. Dramatically sideswept hat is of shiny black braided straw imported from Switzerland, the underarm handbag is of black plastic. From the Spring Fashion Show of Fairweather, Limited.

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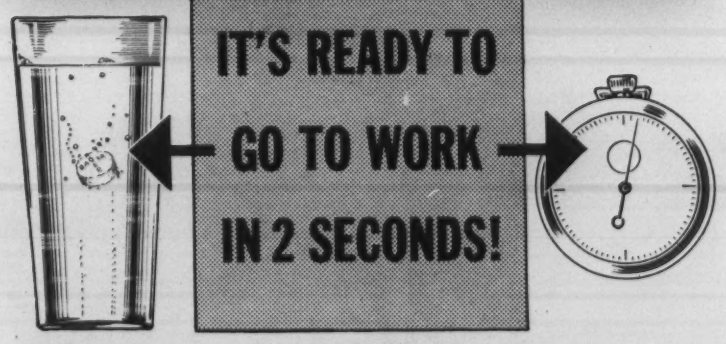

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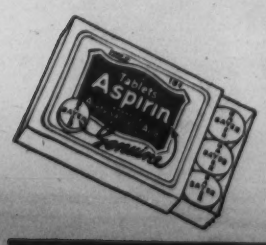

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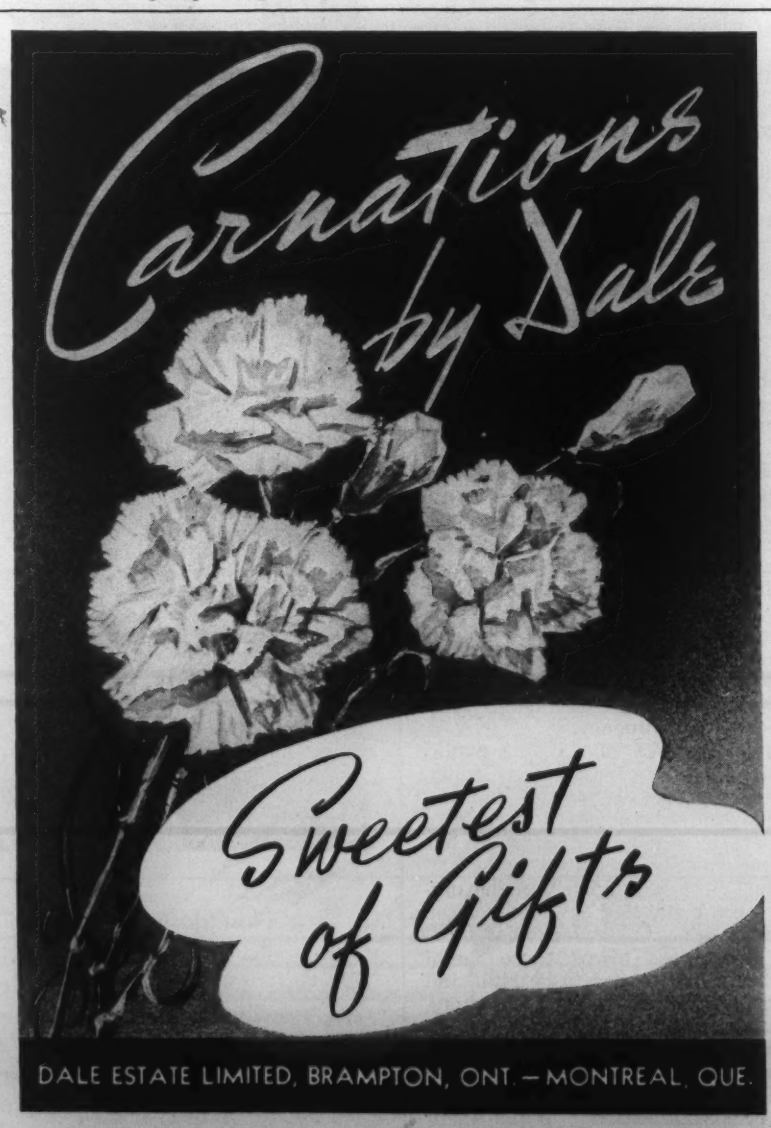

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Has Letter Writing Become an Art Lost to Modern Times?

By KATHLEEN STRANGE

BEFORE the war it was beginning to look as though letter writing was fast becoming a lost art. People seldom took pen in hand to write a letter even to their loved ones, and when they did so, it was usually in the briefest of terms. Our modern craze for the tabloid form had infected our letter writing as well as our news. More often than not, too, a typewriter rather than a pen was used—it was so much quicker! Some, indeed, resorted regularly to the telegram as a means by which to keep in contact with absent friends.

We still liked receiving letters but we liked less and less to write them!

The war changed this condition to a great extent. One might go so far as to say that many of us learned how to write a good letter for the first time in our lives during the war. We all knew how much our boys and girls in the services longed to hear from us; how interested they would be in even the simplest details of daily life "back home." And so we wrote regularly, every day, or week, or month as the case might be. And we wrote with greater care than ever before. We put into our letters all that we saw and heard and felt; we set our very hearts down on paper and we have since been richly rewarded in the knowledge of the comfort and happiness our letters brought.

Many of us, I am sure, now have a certain "let down" feeling where letter writing is concerned. Most of our boys and girls are home with us again, thank God, and so the urgent necessity for writing to them constantly is at an end for the majority of people.

Link Between Friends

The ending of the war, however, should not absolve anyone from the task of letter writing. No one is more welcome at the door than the postman and he should be kept as busy as ever. Some of us still have boys and girls with the occupation troops in Germany and Japan; some of us have service people in England, waiting for the magic word that will start them on the long journey home; many of us have acquired new friends among the thousands of fine lads from Britain, New Zealand and Australia, who came to this country under the Empire Training Scheme and who still like to hear from those who were their privileged hosts so often during their stay here; and almost all of us have friends and loved ones across the seas in other lands, or in distant parts of our own Dominion—friends we have perhaps neglected somewhat in the past but with whom we should resolve to keep in touch more regularly in future.

It has been said that when a person, humble or great, has a soul-shaking experience he usually can, and frequently does, write a letter about it. Such letters, often written at white heat, are invariably dramatic and memorable and when preserved make the most interesting reading in the world.

One might think, of course, that some letters ought never to have been permitted to have left their recipients' hands, as is exemplified by the evidence often brought forth in the form of letters read in the divorce courts and at murder trials. On the other hand, how much we owe to the preservation of the many wonderful letters written in the past which today shed light on great men, great events and great ideas of history!

The high peak of letter writing was probably reached in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Even popular novels were then often written in letter form. The reason for this undoubtedly was that this was a period, *par excellence,* of leisure, grace and good manners. People took time to write lengthy letters to their friends, and to express themselves well. The excellence of the style they achieved undoubtedly stemmed from the writers' own joy in writing.

Ancient And Modern

Collections of letters are a valuable adjunct to any library, such collections, for instance, as "The Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence," edited by Aldous Huxley; "Napoleon's Letters to Marie Louise"; "Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence," edited by Christopher St. John; "Mark Twain's Letters," arranged by Albert Gigelow Raine; "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" (in 3 volumes) by Burton J. Hendrick; and the more recent "Letters of Alexander Woollcott", all of which not only throw light on the individual lives of the people who wrote them but on the times in which they lived.

One of my own favorites is "A Treasury of The World's Great Letters, from ancient days to our own time", a volume that contains "characteristic and crucial communications and intimate exchanges of correspondence of outstanding figures of world history and some notable contemporaries". In these pages Heloise and Abelard pour out their love in learned and passionate phrases; George Washington answers his critics from his home at Valley Forge; Edgar Allan Poe reveals the cause of his deepest tragedy; Robert Louis Stevenson defends that great saint and hero of Molokai, Father Damien; Charles Dickens writes tenderly to his wife to tell her that their infant daughter has died; Thomas Mann indicts the Hitler regime. Fascinating reading, all of it.

For Posterity?

Few of us will ever write letters that will become great literature, of course. But many of us may write letters that will show a cross section of life in our own time; letters that may one day provide information and entertainment, not only to those to whom the letters were addressed, but to many others unknown to us. Already several collections of letters, written by quite ordinary people during this past war, and giving vivid pictures of life on the front line in different parts of the world, and in war-torn England have been published in book form and make most absorbing reading.

When I myself left my home in England some twenty-five years ago, to come to Canada as a young war bride of the last great war, I promised my mother that I would write to her regularly every week. I did so, and she in return wrote to me every week until she came here to live at the beginning of the war which has just come to a close. Fortunately I kept copies of the letters I wrote home, for later they provided me with material for my first book, which won me a prize of one thousand dollars and which has since sold steadily for the past eight years. Without those letters I could hardly have done the job at all.

For those who feel they are poor letter writers, despite the war, there are many text books on the subject of letter writing itself. Emily Post, that arbiter on fashions in social usage, has had much to say, in her syndicated articles, about the proper manner in which to write a letter. One can recommend, too, such books as "A Handbook of Social Correspondence", by Taintor; and "How to Write Better Letters", by Swartz, both of which can be found on the shelves of almost any public library.

The very best way to learn how to write good letters, however, is *to write them.*

• •

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

SOME other forgotten words: *Compose,* now always, or almost always, *comprise; because,* frequently occulted by *inasmuch as; let,* vanished in the shadow of *leave; genial,* swiftly obsolescing in favor of *congenial. View* is practically always *viewpoint,* of course, while the old familiar *weather* is just about universally glorified into *weather-conditions.*

—Granville Trace in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Elizabeth Arden

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Nomadic Life Is Fine and Free in Arabia but Canada Is Different

By ELLEN MACKIE

"HOME is where you hang your hat" blithely sang the well-housed people of the Gay Nineties. In this era of acute housing shortage, you can jolly well check your hat, but go out and find a bed to put your shoes under! That's the problem which has the floating population stymied. "Floating" includes everyone who floats from hotel to rooming-house—from rooming-house to the "Y"—from the "Y' to the Salvation Army—and eventually winds up in the doghouse clutching a meaty T-bone to bribe Blitz, the Boston bull.

Even a smug, comfortable home owner may be pried loose from his moorings and become temporarily one of the floaters. A business trip to another city will start him on the first lap of the room-hunting run-around. Or, his wife may light out to Montreal to be a guest at the wedding of a cousin, once-removed. A *house* guest? Don't be funny! Cousin Mary's house is already bursting its bounds like a rabbit hutch, with relations near and dear.

Mary is so profuse is her apologies, that the visiting cousin once-removed, removes herself once more, saying brightly: "Now, now, don't you put yourself out, my dear, I'll just drop off at the Mount Royal or the Ritz—"

And off she drops to queue up with a long line of other transients who have the same bright idea.

Why doesn't some up-and-coming salesman persuade the hotel managers to rent out little stools to the liners-up at the booking office, as they do at the theatre pit in London! Some snappy acrobatic turns would liven things up and keep the prospective cash customer from dozing off.

Caught Napping

But just try and snatch forty winks in the lounge of a big hotel! The editor of a prominent magazine made that little *faux pas* in the lounge of a Montreal hotel. Waiting for his room to be made up, he found a cushy corner and, after a night on the train, he naturally took a shut-eye. A heavy hand was placed on his shoulder. It wasn't exactly the chucker-out—but he was no weakling, and his language was plain:

"Sorry, sir, but this hotel does not permit sleeping in the lounge."

The writer has had quite an exhaustive — if not exhausting — experience of late, hunting a permanent domicile—having been upstairs and down in several redoubtable rooming-houses; twisted into unbelievable shapes on an uncompromising settee in the living-room of compassionate friends; dug foxholes among pillows on the floors of not-so-sympathetic relatives — and eventually landing out in the "sticks," where bus fare to the nearest town is a shell-out of fifty cents.

The first reaction to becoming footloose from the community life in the modern rooming-house, is a wild gipsy freedom. You even toy with the idea of a hitch-hike to Florida. However, as the day wanes, the night life of a glow-worm loses its appeal. You stare avidly at the "To Let" columns, grab a taxi, and speed away to that one advertising "Cozy bed-sitting room; grill."

It was rented an hour ago. Nothing daunted you try another. This time it's *gentlemen preferred.*

Odd, how the city landlady goes for the gents! The blighters won't make up their own beds. They won't even wash their own undies in the bathtub; and not one in a carload has the knack of the bedroom snack, i.e. tossing of a tasty dish of bacon-and-eggs on the electric iron—a neat little trick at which the average boarding-house-broken feminine lodger excels.

The lordly male has no priority at the big hotels. A fact that has developed a new kind of "wolf." No, he doesn't prowl the halls and sneak into a room while it is being readied for the next occupant. Nothing so crude. He is usually a handsome brute turned out by the best tailor, and with the *savoir faire* of Adolph Menjou. Evidently he takes a tip from the fairy-tale wolf who ate chalk to sweeten the growl. For he manages to instill into his tones the seductive charm of one who has indulged freely in bee-kissed honey.

He dials the hotel, and asks for the manager's secretary—or maybe a social hostess—some executive of the feminine gender who has a pull at the room-registration office.

"Hello, there," he says buoyantly, reminding her of "that night" they met. "What?" as she hesitates, forgotten already that moonlight at the canoe club?"

Nice modern girls quite frequently meet young men at the canoe club, or elsewhere.

"Why, of course," she says sweetly, pretending to remember, "so you're back in town?"

And how! He's right there at the tail end of a queue of Knights-of-the-Grip which reaches across the Union station. But of course, he doesn't give that away.

He invites her to lunch, a vague date if he "isn't tied up." Then it comes out. Incidentally, the room he had booked hasn't been vacated. Could she possibly pull some wires?

Or, it is liable to be that beau with the golden fleece who carried her books when she was in pigtails. She hasn't seen hide or hair of him since, but out of a clear sky comes a long distance call asking her if she got those flowers he sent on her birthday? No? Apologies profuse, on realizing that he must have mixed up her address with his aunt's in California. "By the way — Bill Smith (you remember good old Bill who used to send you that sugar-heart on Valentine day?) well, his brother-in-law Tom is arriving in town tonight, and the poor chap is up against it for a place to hang out—couldn't you, for old times sake?" etc., etc.

Being one of those gallant gals, she used to fall for it. Now the trick is wearing thin. When the honey starts dripping through the telephone receiver, she says promptly, "Just hold the line," and the room-baiting wolf is switched onto the booking office.

However — back to my chasing rainbows with "To Let" printed on. I drifted into one that looked quite possible. Nice little girl sitting on the verandah. Nice, pleasant landlady. Bed-sitting-room with grill. I rushed

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in my baggage and paid my money. Where was the catch?

It was catch-as-catch-can the next morning at the bathroom. I was about to corral it, when the little girl of the swing popped in ahead of me. While I kept a weather eye on the door from my room, a second little girl popped in. When they emerged I had a foot race with three small boys of assorted ages who came clattering down from the third floor. They won. When they barged out, wet and grinning, the house roomers had lined up. It was well on in the morning when I advanced downstairs, booted and spurred — but damp. I met the smiling landlady in the hall.

"You have quite a family?"

"Oh, yes, she beamed, "I have six, and all under fifteen."

Six little treasures. The house was given over to the offspring. The roomers were incidental—they shrank in and out of the place like a wet wash. After a week of Bedlam let loose, strange green and yellow lights began oozing from my forehead. I decided to get out while I could go on my own steam.

When the housing offices shut up shop for the night the left-overs sometimes get out and hunt in packs. I joined a cheerful pack of boulevardiers one night; two young out-of-town wives who came to meet their just-returned soldier husbands. We decided to canvass from door to door and pool our findings. About ten p.m. we unearthed a single room which was knocked down to me.

"And lucky for you," the landlady said, "A girl just left an hour ago."

She led me up two long flights of stairs to a room, grim but clean, with a white iron bed that the early settlers must have slept in. Under the feeble electric bulb, she collected cash in advance, saying I would be out early in the morning. I was. Around 8 a.m. a sharp knock at every door summoned us to be out by 8.30. Evidently the night shift had returned and wanted their beds.

The next night I found a third floor back in a guest house boasting "hotel rates." It had one of those trick radiators that, whichever way you turn the thingamagig for heat, you turn it "off." The first chair I sat in, the bottom fell through. The massive brass bedstead was so shaky on its pins I lay awake most of the night, waiting to see whether it fell tiredly against the wall or cracked down on my head. It reminded me of a play I saw, "George Washington slept here." Everything you touched either jumped out at you, or else it disappeared. I had an uncanny suspicion that if I opened the door of the clothes closet, The Body would come hurtling out on the floor.

I paid the bill, "hotel rates," and fled.

Wanted: Something in Seersucker

By FREDERIC MANNING

A FEW weeks ago I wrote of the difficulties of buying face cloths and bewailed the fact that not since my childhood have I met up with one I really liked. The kind I longed for was made out of a piece of an old balbriggan shirt, with or without a crocheted edging, and I hadn't seen any since away back when.

Well, I have frequently heard about the Power of the Press (always in capitals) and now I have had proof. I have had face cloths sent to me. I got balbriggan face cloths with crocheted edges in pink, blue, red and yellow and do they work!

Practically every one I meet tells me how well I am looking, so pink and shining, how do I do it? I daresay they would like to add—at my age, but so far no one has. Well, here is the recipe: Balbriggan face cloths and, of couse, just a *sopçon* of *savon*, as we say in French.

Having proved that if one wants loudly enough something is bound to happen, I am now issuing another appeal. This is a bit bigger, and wider, but I always say if we don't struggle to attain, why struggle?

Last winter during our January cold snap, which, if you recall, snapped steadily for about six weeks, I went in to my usual men's wear shoppe to inquire if, by any chance, they had some long underwear. I have never worn long underwear, if anyone cares, but when the sub-zero winds took to whistling through my near-wool flannel slacks I decided I could do with underwear from here to here.

What I came out with was a spring overcoat. It was very useful several months later, but as a substitute for long underwear proved somewhat bulky.

Bare Prospect

This started me on the advance buying system, so a few weeks later I went to my tailor to inquire about a little grey flannel model for spring and summer wear. What I had worn the previous summer had developed a thinness bordering on emaciation.

This time I came out with the Last of the Harris Tweeds. It sounds like a movie title but the suit resembles a good warm horse blanket and my candid friends have not been at all reluctant in pointing out my resemblance to an over-stuffed Shetland pony when I wear it. It has been wonderful this winter but it spent the summer wrapped up with moth flakes.

Now I am getting down to what I am leading up to.

You gals don't know how lucky you are. You can go into any number of shops right now and pick up a simple little frock for hot weather, to be worn now in the south or here later. Those of you who are like that with a sewing machine are luckier still. A few yards of light weight material and a few hours stitching away like mad and you have your summer wardrobe.

I have sized up the situation in one or two shops and they are all showing striped seersucker for summer dresses. What I could do with is a striped seersucker suit.

In the days gone by it was possible to buy these ready-made, but not now. In fact nothing is available now. My tailor says in June—maybe. I suggested to him he might care to run up a little cotton number for me if I secured the material. He eyed me coldly and remarked that while they had catered, during the war, to women who wanted man-tailored suits, when it came to doing a little seersucker number for me the answer was *no*—good and loud, too.

Any of you gals with a sewing machine and a little spare time? I am sure you have all run up pyjamas at some stage of your dressmaking. What I want is not unlike. Nothing very stylish, just comfort and a thin covering for warm days.

Well?

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CONCERNING FOOD

No Futures in the Recipes for Stirring Up Chain Reaction

By JANET MARCH

THE pretty girl in the red blouse and the black skirt sipped her cocktail and pronounced, "Well, I don't suppose it's much more complicated than a borsch recipe. Probably it's quite simple to stir up the atom bombs if you know how, so any spy could just learn the way by heart and then go home and tell how to make the things."

Visions of the miles of the Oak Ridge plant and something fearful called chain reaction which, whenever it was mentioned made me think of the more violent sorts of thunderstorms, in my mind did not hitch up borsch to atom bombs. Pour a little sour cream on some uranium, and then add the juice of four beets. Have the world's best physicists hover over the stove, and lo, in no time at all where will you be? Why, in atoms yourself naturally. Dear me, these cocktails must be quite strong.

"I suppose," said the spy authority, "that good spies don't carry papers any more. You know all that stuff in the old-fashioned stories about eating the code. Now you just have to have a good memory to be a good spy."

"Well, I hope our government won't start building plants which cover acres on the strength of one person's remembrance of a formula. I'd rather my income tax paid for something more positively useful," said the host, shaking the last drops from the shaker. "I wish we had some vodka to drink, but as we haven't let's have dinner." It was a good dinner too.

Oxtail Soup
Steak and Onions
String Beans Scalloped Potatoes
Chocolate Roll Pudding
Coffee

Oxtail Soup

1 oxtail split
½ pound of stewing beef
1 onion sliced
½ cup of carrots
1 cup of celery
1 bay leaf
½ cup of canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon of parsley
1 teaspoon of salt
1 tablespoon of tapioca (if you have any)
9 cupfuls of water

Simmer the beef (chopped) and the split oxtail, closely covered for as long as you can manage, in the 9 cupfuls of water. It will need two hours at the least and can do with more time if you can spare it. Chop the onions, celery and carrots. Then add the parsley, bay leaf, tapioca and tomatoes. Simmer for an hour. Chill and skim off the fat and then reheat. If you think soup is not thick enough, blend a little flour with some cold water and stir in. This may be necessary if you lack tapioca. Serve the soup with lemon slices floating in it.

Steak And Onions

2-1/3 pounds of round steak
4 onions
Salt and pepper
Bacon fat
1 cup of boiling water

Cut the onions into very thin slices and brown them lightly in bacon fat. Brown the steak on both sides in another pan, then pour on the cup of boiling water, and add the browned onions. Cover tightly and simmer over a very low heat for an hour. This, of course, isn't as magnificent a dish as a sirloin steak cooked till it is a beautiful shade of pink, but not even a soufflé is harder to time than a well cooked steak, which makes it a hazardous thing to have unless your visitors are punctual.

Chocolate Roll Pudding

3 eggs
2 tablespoons of flour
2 tablespoons of cocoa
Salt
½ teaspoon of cream of tartar
1 teaspoon of vanilla
½ cup of sugar

Separate the egg yolks and whites. Add the sugar to the egg yolks and beat thoroughly. Stir in the vanilla Sift together the cocoa, flour, and salt, and sift into the egg yolk mixture. Beat the egg whites till they are very stiff, add the cream of tartar to the whites and fold into the other mixture. Pour into a cake tin lined with waxed paper. The batter should cover the tin only to the depth of about a quarter of an inch. Bake in a 325 oven for half an hour, then turn out onto a damp cloth and trim off any crisp edges. Spread with topping, or whip the top of a Jersey milk bottle. Roll like a jelly roll and then wrap in a cloth and chill. Cut in slices and serve with more topping or whipped cream.

Cheese Can Work a Little Quiet Magic on Too-Familiar Dishes

By MARION GIFFORD

WITH the addition of cheese, many an otherwise undistinguished dish becomes a feast. Macaroni or spaghetti can be transformed into an appetizing vegetable "hot-dish" for a light lunch or Sunday night supper. A loaf of French bread or a pound of hamburg, given the added flavor of cheese, steps out of the ordinary and into the *de luxe* class without visible strain on household finances.

Rissoles O'Beef au Gratin

1 pound ground beef
1 cup whole wheat bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 small onion, finely chopped
½ green pepper, finely chopped
¼ cup tomato purée
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
½ pound Canadian cheese

Combine all ingredients in order given, except the cheese; form into 6 flat patties. Place on greased pan. Cut cheese into 6 equal pieces and press one piece halfway into each patty center. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 30 minutes.

Blue Cheese Spread

3 ounces blue cheese
2 tablespoons oil
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese
Paprika

Mash cheese with fork, add oil and salt to make a smooth paste. Add lemon juice and cream cheese and blend well. Serve on hearts of lettuce and sprinkle with paprika. Also excellent as an appetizer paste on crisp crackers.

French Bread Snack

1 long loaf French bread
½ cup softened butter
½ cup crumbled blue cheese
2 tablespoons chopped chives

Cut bread slantwise into thick slices, almost but not quite through the bottom crust. Mix together butter, cheese and chives, and spread generously onto slices. Place bread in a long pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Potted Cheese

1 pound old cheese
1 tablespoon butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
1 teaspoon cider vinegar
Brandy

Mash or grate cheese, add butter, salt, paprika, sugar, vinegar and brandy enough to make a stiff paste. Pack in small jar and cover if not used immediately.

A stuffing faintly but definitely flavored with cheese is excellent with very young, very lean roasters. No gravy is indicated.

Cheese-Rice Stuffed Chicken

4 cups cooked rice
¼ cup chopped onion
1 cup chopped celery
2 teaspoons celery seed
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup top milk
½ cup grated cheese
1 6-pound chicken

Combine ingredients for stuffing in order given; mix well but lightly. Clean, wash and dry chicken; rub inside with salt; stuff lightly with cheese-rice stuffing and truss. Place breast side up on rack in roaster or dripping pan; rub with fat or oil. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 22 to 25 minutes per pound, basting occasionally with a mixture of melted butter and hot water.

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Oslo Wedding: a Canadian Bride Looks at Her Adopted Norway

By EDITH GRANT

(As told to Helen Ball)

PATIENCE is a prime virtue. If ever I doubted it before, my recent journey from Canada to Norway has convinced me.

The "bride-ships" of history had nothing on the modern version except their destination. In those days the would-be brides were travelling from the old world to the new, whereas the *Stavangerfjord's* passenger list was made up of sweethearts, wives and babies travelling from the new world to the old.

We were on board ship fifteen days, a longish spell for three young females, plus luggage, to share one small cabin; fifteen days of rough weather, indifferent food, seasickness, influenza and, worst of all, homesickness. We learned the hard way that short tempers and lack of consideration are not conducive to smooth sailing.

While crossing the North Sea we were forbidden to remove our lifebelts and the lifeboats hung in the davits. Two ships were reported to have struck mines the previous day, mines set adrift by the terrific storms. Was it any wonder Norway, as it loomed up in the distance, looked like the promised land? But what it promised!

The housing shortage, for instance; oh, of course, we'd heard all about that. In fact some of us knew first hand what "doubling up" meant. Hadn't we experienced it back home in Canada?

But what a sadly inadequate preparation it turned out to be. Many of my shipmates now in Oslo are living in one room, mamma, papa and offspring, using their trunks for chairs and sleeping on mattresses on the floor.

Our three-roomed flat is nothing short of a palace to which we fell heir when my husband's relatives, who had managed to retain it during the German occupation, moved out of town.

A Foreigner

Oslo is the cleanest city I have ever seen. Even the sidewalks are snow-ploughed. It seems to be a national characteristic along with the wearing of ski boots by men, women and children. Thinking back a couple of months, Toronto would appear to be a more suitable stamping ground for these ski boot fans. Thank goodness, they wear paper slippers indoors. The only shoes purchasable during the war were wooden ones.

I've not been about much as my husband has little spare time and my peculiar method of speaking the language doesn't get me far in comfort. The street cars are most confusing, so I walk. It was necessary for me to go to the City Hall to obtain my food ration coupons. What a merry little trek that was! I stopped no less than ten people, asking if they spoke English, but they all looked at me as if I might have just arrived from Mars. Being a foreigner isn't much fun. I did find the City Hall, though, after two hours of wandering.

Much of my trousseau has been given away because being well dressed in the midst of this shabbiness is a lonely business. The women stare at me as though they would like to tear the clothes off my back and really one cannot blame them; they have so pathetically little.

What the stores have for sale in the way of clothing is very costly. In a local shop, a flimsy house dress, the kind one could purchase in Canada prior to the war for 98 cents, was marked $6. A simple linen-finished cotton summer dress was $20, plus thirty coupons. As a whole year's quota is three hundred coupons one does not indulge in many shopping binges.

Norge housewives work continuously. At first it looked to me like a good way to keep warm but there's more to it than that. Norwegians love to eat; it's always time to prepare a meal. Dinner is served between three-thirty and four, coffee an hour later, supper between seven and eight. Never a dull moment.

Norwegian Wedding Feast

There appears to be sufficient food to go around but the lack of variety is difficult to get used to. Fresh meat is not available except on the black market and then it's mostly horse meat.

Today, after having eaten hash (canned corned beef and potatoes) four days in a row, I succumbed to temptation and opened my last tin of meat balls from home. We had dessert too, having cajoled a bakery clerk into selling me three Danish cakes without surrendering sugar or butter coupons as is customary. Can you imagine me "cajoling" in Norwegian? Anyway, it worked and what a meal we had.

Boiled potatoes are a dinner "must" seven days a week. Other vegetables are scarce and very expensive; 30 cents for a small turnip. Fish, in some form or other, is eaten every day, often twice a day. Remember how I used to love it? Boy what I'd give right now for ten cents worth of hamburg steak!

My new friends and relations are certain the foreigner in their midst is quite mad because, at dinner the other night, I mashed my "plain boiled" and added a little milk, precious stuff. I can't imagine what they'd think if they knew I'd squandered three-quarters of my last American five dollars on a lobster just to satisfy my craving for something really tasty to eat.

But in spite of the food shortage our wedding feast was wonderful. My husband's sister gave a dinner party for us. She's somewhat of a magician to have produced such a spread. There were twenty guests but, of course she had planned and saved for weeks.

I helped set the table myself and it did look beautiful, though it reminded me somewhat of a glass-ware display. You will understand why when you read the following menu: Cocktails, lobster with champagne, shrimps with white wine, roast pork (black market) and prunes with aquavit and beer, coffee, whiskey and soda, sandwiches and cookies with cognac, and last but not least, wedding cake, a white cake with chopped fruit on top and three inches of whipped cream. Our kind of fruit cake is unheard of.

Then, after stowing away all that, we started in to really drink. Hearty souls, these Norwegians. What must they be capable of in normal times?

Everyone at the party was specially nice to me. It's amazing how heart warming a friendly gesture or an understanding smile can be when one's conversational contact is limited to vague and unfamiliar syllables.

Old Friends In Bookshops

In spite of the kindness of my new friends I am certainly missing my old ones. And speaking of old friends, there is a shop in our district where the odd American magazine can occasionally be purchased. (*Red Book* is 65 cents and *Time* 45 cents.) I have not spotted a Canadian one as yet but any publication printed in English is a joyous sight. I have read the five magazines I brought with me till there is not a surprise line left.

From a legal standpoint this country is difficult to get into, and, I learned from one of my shipboard pals who has changed her mind and is going home, that it's even more difficult to get out of. But the red tape involved in obtaining permission to marry wins the blue ribbon.

First my fiance and I went to the church office for two sets of forms, one of which, when filled out, didn't leave any of my family skeletons in the cupboard. The other was to be filled out by someone who had known me at least ten years. Not so simple, a few thousand miles away from the scenes of my childhood.

While my husband-to-be was handing out fifteen kroner, I took a look at the minister's feet. Ski boots! I might have known.

Next we went to the City Hall for more papers (5 kroner). Then, back to the church office with these new papers, plus our birth certificates (1 kroner). Next, to the British Consul for affidavits of approval (13 kroner). Then, to the newspaper office to make arrangements for having the banns published three weeks in succession (? kroner). Just about here my aforementioned acquisition of patience began to come in handy.

Gold Exchange

Do you remember the heavy gold signet ring I used to wear, the one I acquired in a sentimental swap at high school? Well, it came to a timely end. In this country, to buy an article made of gold one has to turn in the equivalent in *old* gold as well as pay the market price for the article in money. Any jewellery owned by my husband's family had been bartered for necessities during the German occupation. So, goodbye signet ring! Ah well, better that than our gold fillings.

We were married in the chapel of Fagirborg Kirke where my husband had been christened. It was a double ring ceremony and the custom here is for the bride and groom to exchange rings before coming to the church. However, after some persuasion, the minister agreed to allow us to make the exchange during the ritual as we do at home. He was kind enough to speak in English, a doubtful advantage as his English rivals my Norwegian and I shall never be sure that my "I do" popped out at the correct moment.

I thought a small Norway pine would do nicely for a corsage but finally decided my in-laws had put up with enough from the foreigner, so my responses were made without benefit of flowers. It was a lovely wedding, though, and lacked nothing in romance.

Are one's powers of perception diminished in moments of supreme happiness? The answer must be "yes" because I forgot to notice whether or not the minister was wearing his ski boots.

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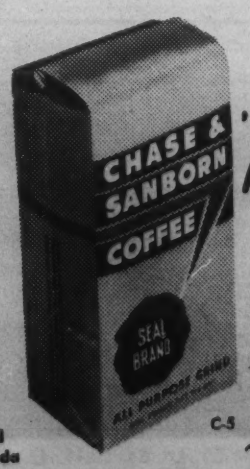

Roasted in Canada

THE OTHER PAGE

Misassociation of Ideas Gives Mr. Huckleberry a Boat Trip

By W. B. FOSTER

IN the lounge of the Marigold, that strange ship that sails the Salmon river in central Nova Scotia, sat a mousy looking little man, watching the radio expectantly.

Of middle age, he seemed to have lived quietly, for his face was not etched as are the faces of men who have won or lost the battles of life. His glasses half hid the eagerness and excitement that shone in his blue eyes. His sandy moustache was untrimmed and rested on his lower lip. His green fedora was new and a bit too small.

From time to time he looked at his watch.

Suddenly the radio's noise ceased. The cowboy's lament had ended. The little man looked again at his watch. It was exactly 3 p.m.

Said the little man to himself: "Now I'll hear it again, just like I did at noon."

"This is Station ICU," said the announcer briskly, "operated in conjunction with the Mount Thom *Gazette*. We now bring you the news."

The little man hitched his chair closer to the radio.

The first item was:

"An Ottawa despatch says that George Huckleberry has been summoned to the Senate. Mr. Huckleberry left early this afternoon for the capital. He planned to motor from his home in the eastern part of the province to Kemptown and there take passage on the Marigold for Truro where he would catch the Maritime Express for Montreal. Political observers said that Mr. Huckleberry's elevation to the Senate was wholly unexpected."

THE little man, rather self-conscious, looked about at the six other occupants of the lounge.

"Who is this George Huckleberry?" asked a New Glasgow man of the group in general.

"Never heard of him," said a Halifax traveller.

"I am Mr. Huckleberry," said the mousy little man with some dignity, "and I have my summons in my pocket."

"Well, well," cried the New Glasgow man, sticking out a hand. "Congratulations."

"Me, too," said the Halifax traveller. "I didn't realize you were in our presence."

"Just got word last night," said Mr. Huckleberry as the others in the room came up to offer good wishes.

"The membership of the Senate rises and lowers like a water reservoir," said the Halifax traveller. "It must have started to rain senators again after one of the customary drouths."

Mr. Huckleberry paid no attention to this rather feeble attempt to be funny.

"Sixteen new senators were summoned yesterday," added the Halifax man, "and Mr. Huckleberry is one of them."

"Well, senator," said the New Glasgow man, pushing back his hat, "I once read a book about all the persons then in the Senate. It seemed that one of them was 'appointed' to the Senate, one was 'called' to the Senate, but all the rest were 'summoned.' I hope when you get your write-up you'll see that the book states you were 'summoned.'"

"That's right," chimed in the Halifax man. "I like the word 'summoned.' I suppose it's all right to say a postmaster is 'appointed' or a clergyman is 'called' but there's something about that word 'summoned' that seems just right to go with a senatorship. I agree that you ought to mention it to your biographer."

"I like 'summoned' myself," said Mr. Huckleberry. "It seems to fit the urgency of the call. I packed up last night and here I am on my way."

Powered by electric eels from the Orinoco river in South America, the Marigold slipped through the shipping in Kemptown harbor and into the river's current. Then the engineer threw off the power and let the ship slide downstream free-wheeling.

As she went under the highway bridge at Riversdale her rubber smokestacks bent back, then snapped erect. Those smokestacks were relics of an earlier day when coal was used for power. Being of rubber, they permitted the ship to go under the many low bridges on the river. With the coming of electric eel power the smokestacks had been kept merely for sentimental and advertising purposes.

The wheel, too, had been outmoded by the march of science. Now the ship travelled on a bent beam that had been developed in the laboratories of the Brown Star Line.

The news that a fresh senator was on the ship soon spread, and just after the Marigold passed East Mountain the captain came into the lounge.

"Congratulations," he said to the mousy little man, clasping the latter's hand in his own big paw. "I just had the Brown Star office at Truro on the wireless phone and told them you were on board. A lifetime pass is being made out for you now. You can pick it up before you entrain for Ottawa. We issue only yearly passes to members of the House of Commons, as they lead a precarious political life, but it's different with you senators. There's a permanency about a senator, like Blomidon, that rocky peak on Minas Basin, or even Gibraltar."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Huckleberry, "I suppose so."

"You know," went on the captain, "I never think of a senator without thinking of Ottawa and then thinking of the words, 'Red Chamber'."

"What else comes to your mind, captain?" inquired the Halifax man.

"Well," replied the captain, "I always think of those five words that appear as the second or third paragraph in Ottawa despatches so many days in the Winter and Spring."

"What are the words, captain?" asked the Halifax man.

"'The Senate did not sit'," replied the captain.

"Psychologists tell me," he went on, "that thinking of a lot of things that way, where one idea brings to another, is called 'association of ideas'."

"Something like 'ham and eggs'," said the Halifax traveller.

"Yes," put in the man from New

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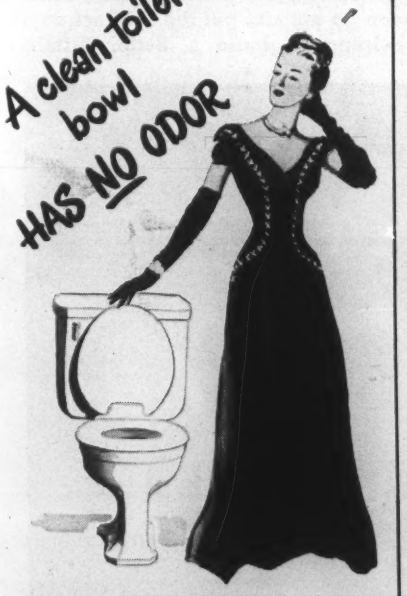

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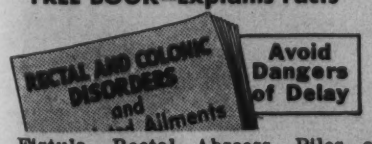

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Glasgow, "or, if one may be less prosaic, like thinking of nicotiana, which is a third cousin of the tobacco plant, and then thinking of ten o'clock at night in a flower garden with the dew falling and a cloying sweetness in your nostrils."

"Boy!" exclaimed the Halifax man; "you've hit it. A senatorship must be 'cloying sweetness' to the man who gets one."

"This theory about 'association of ideas' is very interesting," said Mr. Huckleberry. "I have been reading Hansard a long while. Maybe that's why Ottawa thought of me. I never was in politics, never ran any elections, never was prominent in any way. But I have the legal qualifications for a senatorship. I'm over 30 years old, have over $4,000 and am a British subject."

"Hmmm," mused the Halifax man; "is that all? Somehow," he added, "I can't help thinking this 'ham and eggs ' idea is somewhere behind that 'summons' you got.

By the time the Marigold had reached Valley Station, five miles above Truro, the number of telegrams delivered that day to an office in Ottawa had reached 42.

"There must be a dozen here you haven't opened, Hazel," said one girl clerk to another.

"Oh, I know, Mary," replied Hazel. "I bet they're just like the ones I did open. They're all about appointing that Mr. Blackberry to the Senate."

"You mean Mr. Blueberry," said Mary.

"I mean Mr. Blackberry; I guess I should know," returned Hazel. "These people want to know who in blazes Blackberry is. They seem really annoyed."

"Read one," said Mary.

Hazel picked up a telegram. " 'What did Boxberry ever do for the party?' " she read.

She picked up another. " 'Wire answer as to why you had Cranberry summoned'," she read. " 'Nobody ever heard of him'."

THE Marigold's four-wheel brakes eased her into the wharf at Truro.

Mr. Huckleberry walked down the gang plank and entered a helicopter. "The railway station," he said.

The Maritime Express for Montreal was on time. Mr. Huckleberry was about to get on board when he heard a telegraph messenger shouting:

"Mr. Elderberry! George Elderberry! Telegram for Mr. Elderberry!"

"Here, boy," he called, stepping back on the station platform. "Maybe you have the name wrong. My name is George Huckleberry. Is the wire for me?"

"That's right, sir," said the boy, taking a look at the name on the envelope.

"That's what association of ideas will do," reproved Mr. Huckleberry severely. "You might have given this telegram to the wrong person."

Mr. Huckleberry opened the envelope, read the message and slowly collapsed, his fall broken by the arms of the messenger boy.

The telegram read:

DONT COME TO OTTAWA STOP YOUR SUMMONS TO SENATE A MISTAKE STOP MAN REALLY SUMMONED IS GEORGE PYE A RESIDENT OF YOUR TOWN WHO HAS RUN SIX ELECTIONS STOP MISTAKE WAS MADE BY STENOGRAPHER WHO MADE OUT SUMMONS STOP SHE HAD HUCKLEBERRY PIE FOR DESSERT AND GOT HER IDEAS ASSOCIATED.

• •

THE HONORABLE INTERRUPTER

THE Prime Minister, interrupted (as usual) by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, remarked that in a very few minutes he would be finished and that the honorable interrupter, if he could catch the Chairman's eye (the House was in Committee) would "be able to fall upon me with all his pent-up ferocity." Still questioned by Mr. Bevan as to whether or not the Cabinet had been informed that the Prime Minister was to make this statement, Churchill replied that he had come, "after an interval, I must frankly confess, for physical refreshment, straight from the Cabinet to make this statement and to express their wishes and views." All had agreed.

—Sir Norman Angell in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

The Early Worm Could Have Saved Its Skin by Procrastination

By L. J. MORRIS

PROCRASTINATION has been called the thief of time—but what a misnomer! To all true-born procrastinators, procrastination gives time, not steals it. Take that well-beloved name — "tomorrow". That vast, unknowable tomorrow. What an immense day tomorrow is—24 hours! 16 working hours! Nonsense! Tomorrow has a thousand hours—it is full to repletion with time. What we are not going to do—tomorrow!!!

That word is the slogan of the real procrastinator. For example, the doctor has told us we are too stout, we must reduce. All right, we will—tomorrow. "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we diet!" And so the tomorrows stretch themselves out before us with all those empty hours—waiting for us to fill them. Then what folly to say procrastination is the thief of time—it is instead a generous donor of time without reckoning.

Procrastination makes us thoughtful also, and affectionate. How? Take the matter of letter-writing. We owe a letter to "dear old Aunt Mary." We must write her, but do we? No. We think of Aunt Mary and the letter we owe her for many days. She is ever in our thoughts. "It really is a shame, I should write," but there we go again, we will—tomorrow. In the meantime, we think lovingly and remorsefully of our dear old relative. Then, at last, comes the tomorrow when we do write and what happens? Out goes Aunt Mary from our horizon. We think of her no more until she writes again.

And so, if we had written promptly, Aunt Mary would only have rested in our minds for possibly a week. But, with that ever delicious sense of thinking there are days and days ahead of us, we have kept our dear aunt ever green in our memory for months.

Procrastination also makes us economical. We think we need a new hat, shoes, gloves. Well, all right, we will get them tomorrow. But we wait and finally we discover we do not need those articles as badly as we imagined.

"Some day we will" is another favorite phrase of the procrastinator. Some day we will write a poem, paint a picture, or do those wonderful things that we feel ourselves capable of—we dream of those joys the future can bring. We should be called "futuristics", a more beautiful name than "procrastinator."

There is no limit to our "castle in the air" buildings—"aerial architect" would be another good name for procrastinators. What marvellous edifices we rear! It is a delicious game to play.

And then some people are cruel enough to say procrastinators are not workers! Why, the beaver would be put to shame if a procrastinator's hands and feet were as busy as his brain. Early rising has always been extolled as a virtue. To meet the sunless, heatless, early hours has been deemed a most heroic thing to do,—but why? Those exponents of the get-up-early cult always cite the story of the early bird, but if the poor little worm had been a regular procrastinator he might have died a natural death instead of being an early bird's breakfast food.

Unkind people say procrastinators are lazy. They are so wrong! Procrastinators are in love with work. They think about it affectionately and cling to the work complex. Why, they are absolutely epicurean in their love of work. They roll the idea of what they have to do around as an epicure does a dainty morsel of specially-prepared food, before he finally swallows it, getting the full flavor thereof.

THIS IS THE REIGN OF RAINCOATS . . .

This is the season for snow flurry and sudden shower! This is the reason for the weather vain coats at EATON'S

Britain Must Cut Her Commitments Abroad

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Britain's heavy commitments in the policing and administration of a large portion of conquered Germany, and her military and administrative liabilities in Europe, the Middle East and India are likely to be a very severe financial drain upon her postwar resources, with a deficit of £750,000,000 already estimated for 1946.

General de Gaulle's recent failure to rebuild the greatness of France at the expense of the national finances indicates the need for Britain to reduce her foreign commitments, not in any "pulling out" sense, but as part of a wider plan of vigorous expansion of output.

VERY important changes have happened since the plans for Britain's peacetime development were drawn up. At home, the crisis in coal production is already showing its effects. Electricity, textiles, chemicals, and other industries, are not only hampered in expansion but threatened with the closing-down of some of their plants.

Abroad, the whole question of American support has been thrown back into the melting-pot, with the laboriously-worked-out Washington agreement already cold-shouldered and faced with the possibility of complete rejection by Congress.

Mr. Dalton in the House of Commons and Sir Wilfrid Eady at Ottawa have recently given some hard facts which have occasioned some hard thinking. Estimated expenditure on imports this year totals £1,375,000,000. Exports, visible and invisible, are expected to produce only £625,000,000. A prospective deficit of £750,000,000 is a formidable handicap. Nor is it merely a transition problem, immediately following the end of the war. Another big deficit, estimated at £500,000,000, is in prospect for 1947.

It must be said that these figures seem to look on the gloomiest side of the picture. The estimate of £625,000,000 for the current year's exports is very moderate, seeing that exports were running in January already at a rate of £680,000,000 a year, and industry, with all its problems of supplies and labor, is gradually increasing supplies earmarked for abroad. However, a deficit there will be, and big enough to make dollar and gold reserves look very meagre by comparison. The latest figure for this reserve dates from end-October last and is not very helpful. Certainly, the present figure must be well below the £450,000,000 shown for that date.

Should the Loan fail to pass through Congress, very drastic steps would obviously have to be taken to adjust overseas expenditure. This is a much wider question than merely reducing imports and living on a still more stringent austerity. That will come as a matter of course if the Loan is rejected. About one-sixth of total imports come from the United States, and such items as tobacco, films, synthetic rubber — any materials which can be procured elsewhere or dispensed with—will have to be cut out failing dollar credits. But that is not the only possible retrenchment.

There is in the figures recently published a significant item of £300,000,000 for maintenance of Britain's relief services and forces overseas. This, for peacetime, is a very formidable cost. It is one item which will inevitably come in for very close scrutiny, and probably some sharp criticism, when the means of adjusting expenses to reality are being finally considered. There may be a sharp difference of opinion—indeed, it is already rumored — between the Treasury on the one hand and the War Office and the Foreign Office on the other as to the amount of foreign commitments which a war-weakened country can afford to bear.

Comparison with France after the liberation is perhaps significant. General de Gaulle took office, and immediately sought to rebuild the great-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Britain is not only well started on a building program to relieve its desperate housing shortage, it is also keenly alive to the need for training future construction workers. Under a new apprenticeship "learn as you earn" scheme, boys step from the schoolroom into the ranks of the building trades. This training covers four or five years and while learning boys are paid a starting wage of approximately $5.25 per week, which increases as the training advances. These lads are doing practice bricklaying in the schoolroom, but they soon go out and put the skill acquired into practice on real jobs, thus helping to build a Better Britain.

All branches of construction work are taught. Here the boys are learning to work in lead—an important part of the curriculum—as plumbing is one of the jobs at which they must become expert. Below: the apprentices watch one of their number making the sparks fly as he does his first welding job. Ages of the boys vary from fourteen to sixteen.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Plenty of Scope for Veterans

By P. M. RICHARDS

THE other day I asked a young ex-soldier how he was shaking down into civilian life. He replied, with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, that things were going pretty well. In a moment he added: "But, you know, it's kind of disappointing. I mean, it's not what I expected. Sometimes I feel the whole war was just a waste of time." What he meant, I gathered, was that the postwar world, as he was experiencing it, was definitely not the Brave New World he had been led to expect. Somehow he had come to believe that he was fighting to win that new world rather than to defeat Hitler.

A good many others believed it too. A bit childish, perhaps, but then, lots of them weren't much more than children when they joined up. Now they are being disillusioned. Pitiful, of course. But more—much more—than that; it means a loss to society of something fine and constructive which society can ill afford, also the development of ideas regarding government paternalism which society, right now, can afford even less.

It wasn't necessary to misrepresent the situation. The real task was a challenge they would have risen to. If a thug attacks your home you fight him off the best way you can—and, incidentally, you're not a hero because you do it. In the fight some windows are broken or other damage done. The house does not miraculously become the dream home of the future as a result of the fight; it's the same old house, only now somewhat the worse. However, the imperative need of repairs does give you a chance to put in some of the new gadgets, so the house ends up better than it was. And you try to arrange with your neighbors that thugs shan't be able to attack you again; and that, if they do, you will be better prepared for defence.

Phoney Promises Make Trouble Now

It's a pity that we made all those phoney promises about the postwar. Surely we knew well enough that the tremendous destruction of wealth and loss of so many of our finest young men would leave us incalculably poorer, not richer. We knew it, but we didn't hesitate to make promises which either could not be fulfilled (such as that of the elimination of unemployment by government action), or which could be carried out only by further increasing taxes and permanently restricting personal liberties.

Those reckless wartime promises are responsible for much of the social unrest of today. We, or the government for us, hid the truth about the tremendous piling up of debt to finance the war and made no real effort to show the people why the financial methods of wartime could not be continued always. We have, in effect, encouraged the notion that state paternalism can provide for us better than we can provide for ourselves.

In short, we ourselves have done much to bring about the low level of public morale that is reflected in the current "crime wave," in increased juvenile delinquency, in the plethora of strikes and in many other social abnormalities, all making for a dangerous weakening of the social structure. World news furnishes new evidences daily of the highly inflammable condition of world politics. Seemingly a new world war could break out any day—and another world war, with atomic power and the robot bombs, might finish us off.

Work for Veterans—And All of Us

But we don't have to accept that situation. On the positive, constructive side, there is a big job to be done, a job which we can do. Here is the world disorganized and impoverished as never before. The extent of the war devastation is only now becoming apparent. Untold millions stand in the most urgent need of the goods and services that we are equipped to provide. It is by no means a matter only of selling our supplies to the best advantage; our first great Christian task is to answer the world call for help. To do this effectively, and at the same time provide for our own social welfare needs, will require the best that is in us. It is not a task for weaklings but for men and women of high resolve.

The young ex-soldier should not have been disappointed that the world is no better than it is. It is waiting for him and his kind to go to work on it, to sweep out the cobwebby ideas that have checked progress and caused repeated wars. Never were there such opportunities for achievement. Never were there so many big things to be done, never a world so receptive to new ways and ideas, never a greater world interest in and goodwill towards Canada.

The world, and Canada with it, has arrived at a fork in the road. We can follow the way of strife and destruction or we can step out on the better road of mutual aid and brotherly love and peace and world prosperity. It is the young men, the ex-soldiers, in Canada and all over the world, who can do more than any others to determine the way of the future. We have driven off the thugs who attacked us; now we must put our house in order and work to eliminate the conditions which produced the thugs. The job's something like slum clearance on a world scale. It's big, just as winning the war was big, but it can be done.

The first essential is to accept the fact that we must work for what we get. We worked for victory; nobody handed it to us on a platter, and now we have to work in the same way to build a healthy world society. We can make a beginning, if we like, in our own communities. There's plenty to be done, wherever we look. And the ex-soldiers can lead us—or prod us.

(*Continued from Page* 38)

ness of France by a "tough" foreign policy, accompanied by military occupation of zones of Germany and Austria, active military intervention in Indo-China, and the maintenance of security forces in areas where French influence had been strong before the collapse. The resignation of the General was seemingly not independent of the failure of this policy. It failed because France had not the necessary internal strength to carry it through. It failed, in particular, because the drain on the national finances was rapidly exhausting the country. The Finance Minister demanded drastic cuts, and a compromise with the military chiefs leaves a reduction which may or may not be sufficient to avoid further crisis.

Britain's commitments are, of course, far heavier. They include the full-scale policing and administration of a big slice of conquered Germany; substantial military and administrative forces in "liberated" Austria, ex-enemy Italy, ex-ally Greece; a wide dispersal over the Middle East; an active force in South-East Asia; and a huge liability in India, which, though independently financed, can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a commitment in the present state of famine and unrest.

These are obligations which must be fulfilled. There are others which need, and will undoubtedly receive, very careful reviewing. The lesson for foreign policy seems to be that the need for policing the world should be reduced everywhere to the minimum, by assistance to broadly-based governments which will be strong enough to ensure order and progress in the areas which they administer. There is no question of "pulling out." But foreign policy has to take a very broad view of these matters; it is not independent, but part of a wider plan, with which it must be in harmony.

The status of a world power, as France has found, rests on her economic strength. Britain's focus of attention, after years of exhausting war, must necessarily be not retrenchment as an end in itself, but vigorous expansion of output.

Company Reports

London & Western

NET earnings at the highest level since 1931 were shown by the London and Western Trusts Company in its report for the year ended December 31, 1945.

Net operating profit before income tax amounted to $100,233, an increase over the previous year of $26,466, or approximately 36 per cent. The strong position of the company's affairs, the report points out, has been maintained and strengthened.

"Real estate held for sale now stands at $78,628, a reduction of $493,-893 since 1939," Thomas F. Walker, general manager, stated at the annual meeting. "Practically all sales of properties were for amounts in excess of our written down values. Cash payments in all cases were such that we do not anticipate any of these properties coming back into our hands at a figure in excess of immediate resale value."

"The assets of estates, trusts, and agencies under administration show an increase of $520,451."

"Mortgage collections have been good and a number of mortgages repaid in full. New loans have, however, been made throughout the year, so that our mortgage investments and capital and guaranteed accounts have been increased and now aggregate $2,439,217, as against $1,978,057 in 1944. Most of our mortgage loans are made on urban dwellings in selected localities."

Royal Trust

THE report of the Royal Trust Company for the year ended December 31, 1945, showed that gross revenue for the year gained $196,000 at $3,157,000, an all-time high in the company history; charges before taxes were up $124,000 at $2,366,000. Gross profits stood at $791,000, less $293,000 for taxes, leaving $498,000 net profit, a gain of $53,000; this equals $4.98 per share against $4.45 for the preceding year. Balance carried forward from profit and loss account was higher by $43,000 at $1,-137,000 after deductions of a special contribution of $75,000 to the pension fund and a 3 per cent bonus to shareholders amounting to $60,000. Assets under administration rose $64,000,000 at $882,000,000.

Continued improvement in company's business, together with greater value and marketability of real estate, made possible the transfer of a further $500,000 to reserve account, now standing at $4,500,000, with $500,-000 at credit of reserve and contingencies account.

Mutual Benefit

DURING 1945 the Mutual Benefit Health & Accident Association of Omaha, Nebraska, with Canadian head office at Toronto, increased its total assets from $38,735,518 to $49,988,279 and its surplus as regards policyholders from $12,301,119 to $15,524,049. It also increased the amount of securities on deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the sole protection of its Canadian policyholders from $1,602,428 to $1,900,000. It increased its premium income from $41,743,810 to $50,091,802. At the end of 1945 the amount of claims paid to policyholders and their beneficiaries since inception of the Association exceeded $159,000,000, as compared with $138,000,000 at the close of the previous year. Of the total assets, $43,986,347 is invested in bonds and stocks; $20,623 in mortgage loans, while the cash on hand and in banks is $5,356,873, the premiums in course of collection, $509,-225, and interest accrued, $297,068.

Canadian Breweries

CONSOLIDATED net profit of Canadian Breweries Limited for the fiscal year ended October 31, 1945, before providing for income and excess profit taxes, amounted to $8,668,-011, against $4,439,884 for the year ended October 31, 1944. There was provided for income and excess profits taxes $6,005,583, exclusive of $588,-900 refundable portion of the tax, and $368,080 for minority interests to leave the 1944-45 net profit at $2,294,-347. The 1943-44 net profit of $1,271,-285 was after income and excess profit taxes of $3,168,600, exclusive of the tax refund of $641,050.

The consolidated balance sheet as at October 31, 1945, shows the company to be in a sound liquid position with net working capital of $8,722,678 compared with $5,188,477 at October 31, 1944. Current assets of $14,387,567 included cash $6,416,699 and marketable securities $369,004, or in the aggregate well in excess of total current liabilities of $5,664,889.

In addition to marketable securities carried in current assets, the company at October 31, 1945, had investments in shares of other brewing companies at book value of $1,003,920 and having market value of $1,666,000. Gross book value of buildings, plant and equipment was $17,934,606 and depreciated value $12,118,129, and land, gross book value of $1,464,174. Funded debt at the end of the year amounted to $11,009,654.

Chartered Trust

CHARTERED Trust & Executor Company, in its financial statement for 1945, reports gross profits for the year of $184,743.

After providing for Dominion income tax, staff pension contribution, depreciation on office premises and the full cost of all furniture and equipment purchased, company was able to increase its dividend payment to shareholders by $10,000 and carry forward $39,407 to surplus. Balance in surplus account now amounts to $129,167.

"All departments had a very successful year," Henry E. Langford, general manager stated at the annual meeting. "Our real estate department earned $157,238, an increase of 16 per cent over 1944. The estates, trusts and agencies under administration by the company increased by $3,445,000, or 14 per cent over 1944."

"The amount held in guaranteed funds and deposits stands at $7,290,-673, an increase of 22 per cent over 1944. The increase was entirely in deposits, which are at an all-time high. The profits from these guaranteed funds represented 12 per cent of the company's gross income. Ten per cent of our gross income arose

(*Continued on Page* 44)

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Famous Players Canadian Corporation Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifteen Cents (15c) per share for the quarter ending March 31st, 1946, has been declared on all issued common shares of the Company (as subdivided), said dividend to be paid on Saturday the 23rd day of March, 1946, to shareholders of record Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1946.

By order of the Board.

N. G. BARROW, Secretary.

TORONTO, February 28th, 1946.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of Two dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of April 1946 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd of March, 1946.

G. H. ROGERS, Secretary.

Montreal, February 27, 1946.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 387

A dividend of 10c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 30th day of March, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 4th day of March, 1946.

DATED the 27th day of February, 1946.

P. C. FINLAY, Secretary.

The Wawanesa

Admitted Assets $5,024,159.53
Surplus - - - - - - 2,678,420.06

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Industrial Engineers and Consultants

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF

NORSEMAN MINES LIMITED

Operations at your property during the past four months, which witnessed continuous exploration with two heavy diamond drills, are summarized as follows:

Drill holes Nos. 13 to 21 inclusive, involving 6,079 feet of boring, were completed in the area along the north contact of the Bourlamaque Centre Post intrusive plug which is deemed responsible for the creation of conditions friendly to the deposition of gold copper and silver.

No. 17 Hole cut 12 mineralized stringers and veins grading from Trace across 4.1 feet to $19.86 gold across 0.8 feet. No. 19 Hole. 100 feet to the East, cut 14 similar occurrences grading from trace across 3.0 feet to $5.39 gold across 2.0 feet. Other borings yielded results indicating continuity of this zone.

This program of work has, accordingly, revealed a diorite mass lying between a feldspar porphyry dyke and lavas in the contact area which contains a network of veins and stringers. The potential dimensions of the diorite are, so far 800 feet by 200 feet at shallow depth.

Consequently, efforts are being directed toward testing this area thoroughly, both laterally and at depth, in an endeavor to locate deposits of commercial value. Your engineers judge the results obtained to date to possess singular value and opine that prospects for ore development are bright.

Approximately $150,000 is available for completion of exploration of the north contact area and of numerous interesting structures indicated by magnetometer survey. Mr. Theodore Koulomzine continues as consulting geologist, in charge of drilling exploration.

Respectfully submitted,

February 27th, 1946.

A. D. McKee

Secretary.

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WESTERN GROCERS
LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

On the Common Shares, an extra $2.00 per share;

all payable April 15th, 1946, to shareholders of record March 15th, 1946.

By Order of the Board.

W. P. RILEY,
President.

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY
LIMITED
COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 34

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on February 25th, 1946 a dividend of Five cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable April 1st, 1946 to shareholders of record March 1st, 1946.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton Ont., March 1st, 1946.

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION
LIMITED
NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending March 31, 1946, payable on April 15, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15, 1946.

By Order of the Board.

H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

H.P.J., Montreal, Que.—The plan which is being submitted to security holders of EASTERN CAR CO., LTD., provides for elimination of existing $750,000 6% cumulative preferred stock through the issuance of $1,000,000 new series "A" first mortgage bonds, due $100,000 annually 1946-55. Holders of preference shares would receive new bonds, par for par, in exchange for their shares, and would further have the right to select the maturity dates of bonds desired. Coupon rates of the new bonds will be 2¼% for maturity date 1946-47; 2½% 1948-50 2¾%; 1951-53; 3% 1954 and 6% for the final maturity date of 1955. Balance of the proceeds will be used for redemption of $152,000 first 6s, redeemed January 1, 1946, and to provide additional working capital. Other changes contemplated by the proposed recapitalization plan would cancel 2,500 shares of unissued preferred shares, so that authorized share capital would consist of only 10,000 ordinary shares $100 par, of which the 8,000 shares issued are all owned by Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Corp.

W. R. S., London, Ont.—Yes, as you state the price of CANADIAN MALARTIC GOLD MINES shares has not appreciated to the same extent as many of the golds, but I consider the stock holds interesting speculative possibilities. Like most of the gold producers it has been subject to wartime operating difficulties although has managed to maintain ore reserves at around five years supply at mill capacity. Earnings for last year are likely to be about the same as in 1944, but the grade of ore treated was slightly better. Expectations of higher grade from the new large orebody southeast of the No. 2 shaft should mean an upturn in profits and adds to the speculative chances of the shares. In general the development picture is broadening and ore indications are reported well outside of the mine workings. The mill is presently operating at 925 tons daily which is near capacity and improvement in the manpower situation has been apparent recently.

W.J.G., Barrie, Ont.—The first sizable reduction in the outstanding 7 per cent preferred shares, par $10, of MAPLE LEAF GARDENS LTD. was made in the fiscal year ended Oct. 31, 1945, when 9,565 preferred shares were purchased and cancelled, to leave outstanding 69,653 shares of an original issue of 80,000 shares. The redemption of a portion of the preferred follows retirement of company's funded debt over a period of years. Despite the substantial reduction in the preferred issue the company was able to maintain its net working capital at $203,379 at Oct. 31, 1945, compared with $205,878 at Oct. 31, 1944. Net profit for the year, of $90,783, was equal after preferred dividends to $1.11 a share on common, compared with $88,252 or 89 cents a share preceding year. The 1944-45 net was exclusive of $21,271 refundable EPT portion and that for 1943-44 exclusive of $11,118 tax refund. Accumulated tax refund at end of fiscal period amounted to $51,871.

G.F.W., Ottawa, Ont.—With an estimated indicated ore tonnage of 1,500,000 tons expected to grade around $8 and arrangements made for the

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Buying Can Wait

BY HARUSPEX

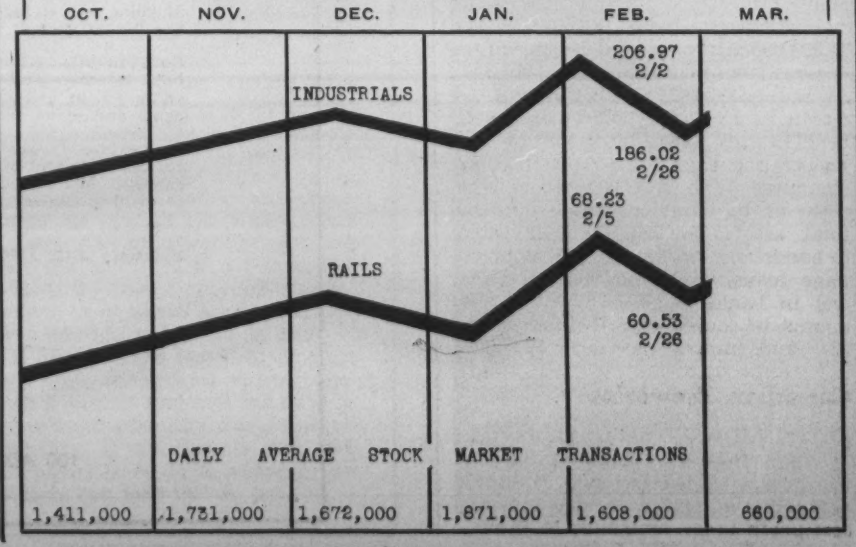
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK STOCK MARKET TREND: With reconversion now more than half completed, the one to two-year market trend is regarded as forward, with vulnerability to sizable intermediate decline still present over the remainder of the reconversion period.

THE INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the early February high points of 206.97 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.23 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Last week the stock market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages, sold into the support areas outlined in the previous week's Forecast as normal technical limits to a price correction of the intermediate advance running from July 1945 to early February 1946. The support areas were stated at 62/56 on the rails, 189/178 on the industrials, as against closes on February 26 of 60.53 and 186.02. The decline was sufficiently sharp to suggest some attempt at rally and this put in its appearance on Wednesday and Thursday. Technical evidence is lacking, however, that such strength represents decisive turnabout or other than minor rally prior to renewed decline. Such a turnabout, or reverse movement, would be suggested if, following the current minor advance, the averages sold leisurely back, on dull volume, toward but not jointly under the recent low points, and then renewed advance, with volume tending to mount, caried both averages beyond the preceding rally peaks. This would be the reverse of the downward zigzag formation in the minor movement from the early February peaks by which the current intermediate downturn was initiated.

While various factors, both technical and economic, have furnished the background out of which a substantial break could develop, we believe the occasion for its occurrence at this particular juncture has been an acute fear, following the steel settlement, that United States industry is to be subjected to a price squeeze. In the long run this would prove difficult, due to the adverse effect on the high productivity that is the objective of all elements to the current price-wage-inflation controversy. Nevertheless, early half earnings are already being adversely affected by the protracted delays that have resulted from the slow start on recovery and this, combined with the newly aroused trepidation over earnings, could operate against major upturn being immediately resumed. Any immediate decline into new low ground would furnish a favorable opportunity for trading commitments, particularly in issues of low labor cost or minor OPA impingement on its prices, but investment purchasing might better await more positive evidence that major upturn is being resumed.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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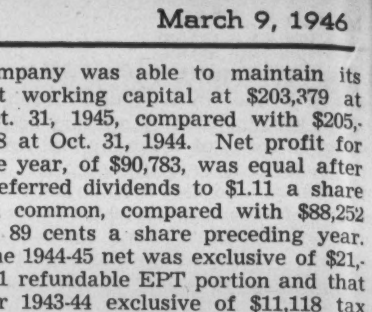

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shipment of 300 tons daily to Noranda Mines, the possibilities appear interesting for ELDER GOLD MINES. The ore has a high silica content and is in demand for flux for the smelter and present plans will obviate the need for a mill although one will probably be built later. A shaft is being sunk to a depth of 800 feet and four levels are to be established at intervals on the incline. Finances are sufficient for shaft sinking and development to the commencement of shipments. The company's engineers point out that the above estimate is by no means a limitation of the possible tonnage that can be looked for in the future, as only a portion of the property has been explored to date. Bearing out the prediction that additional orebodies will be discovered in the underground workings was the unexpected encountering of ore in the shaft.

E.B.C., Brantford, Ont.— DOMINION FABRICS LTD. is in good shape and its prospects are quite satisfactory. The company's annual report for 1945 shows net profit of $132,189 or $1.07 a common share after allowing for dividends on first and second preferred stock. This compares with $133,609 or $1.09 a share in 1944. Net working capital at the latest year-end was $775,562 against $724,112 a year earlier. The company was unable to meet the demand for its products during the year, Thomas Camelford, president states. Fairly extensive purchases are planned when new machinery is available.

W.E.S., Toronto, Ont.—The recent rumors that a Kirkland Lake producer was taking over the KIRKLAND TOWNSITE GOLD MINES property were officially denied, and as far as I am aware no other company is interested. The group of three claims adjoins Wright-Hargreaves and a shaft was put down to 700 feet, but no activity has been reported since 1931. The company has a good treasury position. I understand results of diamond drilling to date on the holding of Lynx Yellowknife Gold Mines have been inconclusive. The company's holdings are well located and appear to have possibilities but considerable more work will be needed to determine these. Diamond drilling on the main property disclosed high values over narrow widths and a showing of visible gold located on another group. Transcontinental Resources has a 25% interest in the company and is supplying finances for exploration.

E. W. B., Alliston, Ont.—Payment of the accumulated dividend arrears of $8.93¾ per share on the 6½ per cent first preference stock of Thrift Stores, Limited, and the compromise between the second preference shares and common shares that has been unanimously approved, are to the advantage of STOP & SHOP LIMITED. At April 30, 1945, Stop & Shop owned 2,243 shares of Thrift 6½ per cent first preference stock, all the 12,000 shares of 7 per cent second preference stock of $10 par value and 14,109 of the 20,000 outstanding common shares. The compromise agreed upon provides for the payment of a dividend of $2 per share on the second preference shares and the conversion of each second preference share into one and one-quarter common shares, in return for which the holders of the second preference shares waive their rights to a redemption premium of $2 per share, and to arrears of dividends of $5.70 per share.

W. P. H., Windsor, Ont. — With several of the largest Canadian mining companies — Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, Noranda Mines, Anglo-Huronian and Ventures — financing development of AMALGAMATED LARDER MINES in the hope of duplicating conditions at Kerr-Addison Gold Mines, the speculative attraction of the shares is over the long-term. The holdings comprise several miles of what is considered to be the favorable zone extending westward from Kerr-Addison and I believe that by the summer, information will be available as to ore conditions on the projected new levels on the Cheminis part of the property. In previous lateral work here where a shaft was put down to 550 feet, ore valued at approximately $1,930,000 has been developed. A contract has been let for deepening of the shaft to 1,000 feet and it is also planned to do deep diamond drilling from this horizon. Other parts of the property where ore was encountered will also be opened up later on.

T. L. J., Edmonton, Alta.—It might be worth your while to retain your WHITE GUYATT Mining Company shares pending results of the deep diamond drilling program. An option on control was taken by Wright-Hargreaves Mines back in 1940 but this was dropped the following year after considerable underground work was completed. The present deep drilling test follows the recommendation of the company's consulting geologist. I have not yet heard any results from this work which was expected to commence in December. As far as I am aware Ainsworth Mines is still inactive. I have no record of any ore being shipped since 1937.

Simpson's, Limited

ONE OF the largest and outstanding of the Dominion's departmental store and mail order organizations, Simpson's Limited is faced with a heavy demand for merchandise with national income at a high level and goods increasing in supply as the nation is converted from a war time to a peace time basis. Addressing the recent annual meeting of the company's shareholders, C. L. Burton, President, stated the company's business for the first six weeks of 1946 showed about the same trend of increase experienced last year and that he expected the supply of merchandise, though greater than last year, would continue considerably short of consumer demands for the next several months. He found signs, however, that as the year progresses there will be some improvement in supplies, both domestic and foreign. The removal last month of price controls from a small range of goods was a step in the right direction, but as yet the range is rather limited. To assure an adequate supply of consumer goods there should be an early elimination of controls of prices, salaries and wages. This was essential, otherwise production necessary to a high level of employment would be dangerously delayed, he stated.

Simpson's Limited have taken advantage of the period of low interest rates to effect reductions in fixed charges and in the annual rate of dividend on the preference stock and entered the postwar period in a sound financial position.

Operating profits for the fiscal year ended January 2, 1946, were at a new high level and net profit of $2,263,508 was an increase from $1,995,830 the preceeding year. The 1945-1946 net profit included $837,650 refundable portion of the excess profits tax and was equal to $2.44 per share on the combined Class A and B shares outstanding, and that for the preceeding year included $573,351 tax refund and was equal to $2.07 per share of present stock. The reduction in the excess profits tax, effective with 1946 will permit the company to retain a greater percentage of profits in the future. Surplus of $4,942,524 at January 2, 1946, was up from $2,217,202 at January 8, 1941.

Net working capital of $7,633,480 was down from $8,974,260 the year before, with the reduction more than accounted for by capital expenditures amounting to $652,771 and payment of accumulated dividend arrears amounting to $1,082,807 on the old 6½% preference shares which have since been replaced by a new issue of 4½% preference stock. Current assets of $17,732,808 at January 2, 1946, included cash of $1,198,533 and Dominion of Canada bonds of $1,283,625. Current liabilities totalled $10,099,328.

The outstanding funded debt at the end of the last fiscal year consisted of $12,500,000 of 3½% serial bonds, maturing August 15, 1946-1960, inclusive. At the same date capital outstanding comprised 112,500 shares of 4½% cumulative redeemable preference shares of $100 par value, 360,000 Class A shares and 360,000 Class B shares of no par value. The Class A and Class B shares resulted from a 3-for-1 split in the old shares in 1945. The Class A shares are entitled to a non-cumulative annual dividend of $1 per and participate in dividends paid in excess of $1 per share in any year on the Class B shares. Dividends are paid to date on the 4½% cumulative preference shares and an initial dividend of 50 cents per share was paid on the new sub-divided Class A shares February 25 last. No dividends have yet been paid on the sub-divided Class B shares.

Simpson's Limited, present company, was incorporated in 1929, with a Dominion Charter, and the original business was founded in 1872. Stores are operated in Toronto, London, Montreal, Halifax and Regina and mail order departments at various points throughout the Dominion.

Price range and price earnings ratio of the new Class B shares from listing in 1945 to date follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low
1946	29	24	$2.44	11.9	9.8
1945	27¾	15¼	2.07	13.4	7.4
Average				13.2	9.1
Current price range				10.9	

Note—Earned per share includes $1.16 per share refundable portion of the excess profits tax 1946; 1945, 80c per share, on the basis of the present capital.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended January	1946	1945	1944	1943	1942	1941
Net Profit	$ 2,263,508	$ 1,995,830	$ 1,494,916	$ 1,310,014	$ 1,027,242	$ 927,530
Surplus	4,942,524	3,703,574	3,293,120	3,091,957	2,513,194	2,217,202
Current Assets	17,732,808	17,807,644	20,137,634	20,308,604	19,665,332	17,737,122
Current Liabilities	10,099,328	8,833,384	8,515,030	9,084,352	9,770,134	8,857,770
Net Working Capital	7,633,480	8,974,260	11,622,604	11,224,252	9,895,198	8,879,352

Note—Net profit for 1946 includes $837,650 refundable tax; 1945 $573,351; 1944 $174,250 and 1943 $268,875

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Compulsory Social Insurance or Expansion of Voluntary Cover?

By GEORGE GILBERT

It is reasonable to assume that to the extent to which the private voluntary insurance organizations meet the needs of the masses of the people for protection at low cost will the demand be lessened for the establishment of more compulsory social insurance schemes.

In the further extension of group life insurance, in combination with group accident and sickness, hospital expense insurance for workers' dependents, surgical expense insurance, and group pensions, a pretty complete system of protection for workers can be provided on a voluntary basis at no expense to the general taxpayers.

ONE of the evils of our time is the expansion of arbitrary power exercised by central governments, with consequent increased regimentation of the population and loss of individual liberty. Establishment of compulsory social insurance schemes undoubtedly strengthens government control over the lives and activities of the people, and the more extensive and inclusive such schemes are the closer we are brought to a totalitarian form of government.

There is more than a grain of truth in the statement that the issue today is the conflict between free voluntary enterprise and government-managed economy. Across the seas the authoritarian state is arising again, as we behold Great Britain and France experimenting with the nationalization of industry. It is the claim of the Communist that a free economy cannot survive, because capitalism cannot protect itself from abuse, as free enterprise inevitably develops monopoly for the reason that so much business is conducted by small managerial groups who are beyond regulation in the public interest by local communities or by the people. As has been pointed out before, the advocates of an entirely government-managed economy welcome monopoly, as they believe it is only "a way station on the road to totalitarianism."

Challenge to Industry

This presents a challenge to those engaged in the insurance industry, although there is nothing monopolistic about the business of insurance in this country, which is also well-regulated in the public interest under the laws of the Dominion and of the Provinces.

A justifiable claim made on behalf of the private enterprise system of insurance is the social usefulness of the business. This has been used by advocates of government insurance schemes of various kinds who usually base their main claim for support on the ground that they are extending to "everybody" the protection offered to the favored few by the private insurance organizations.

There has been a noticeable trend in recent years to look to the central government to furnish the funds to make provision for everything and everybody, and this is a fact that must be reckoned with in considering the question of government intervention in the insurance business or any other private industry. There is a widespread illusion that the government has an inexhaustible purse out of which to provide insurance or other benefits to everybody at little or no expense to anybody.

There is no doubt that any compulsory social insurance scheme to be financed mostly at public expense makes a strong appeal to a large section of the population, who do not realize that in the end they themselves must pay the cost in increased taxes or higher prices, or both, or in a lower standard of living.

Is This the Answer?

What the insurance business can do in a practical way to offset the trend towards compulsory social insurance schemes is to redouble its efforts to see to it that all of the public are provided with the protection they need. Only to the extent to which it meets the needs of the masses of the people for insurance protection at reasonable cost is the demand likely to be lessened for more government intervention in the insurance field.

In the further expansion and development of group insurance coverage, some observers believe the answer may be found to the threat of the government's entry into the health insurance branch of the business.

It is also believed in some quarters that in group insurance may be found the answer to the existing competition of the various group hospitalization plans now making such headway both in Canada and the United States. In order to do so, it will be necessary to revise methods and reduce expenses of operation. Unless this is done, the business is likely to be lost to the hospital associations, and the field is likely to be also invaded by the federal government under a compulsory health insurance scheme.

There is every reason to believe that the well-established private insurance organizations can perform this service more economically than the federal government, and that by reducing their expenses of operation they can also successfully compete with the non-profit associations and their hospitalization plans.

If the private insurance organizations can meet the requirements of the people for protection so completely and at such a reasonable cost that government would have no ground for intervention in this field, it would be to the great advantage of the public, as it would save the general taxpayers many millions of dollars in federal subsidies which would have to come out of their pockets to support a government social insurance scheme.

With the object of providing for the further expansion of group life insurance cover, the National Association of Insurance Commissioners across the line, composed of government supervisory officials of the various states, has been making a study of needed revisions in the definition and standard provisions relating to group life insurance. Five principal changes have been suggested in the definition of group life insurance, adopted by the Commissioners in 1917. They are:

Suggested Changes

"(1) Extension of the standard group life insurance definition so as to permit coverage on members of labor unions and debtors of a creditor. (2) Reordering the general setup of the definition, to avoid the awkward and sometimes ambiguous passages which have resulted in state laws where the original 1917 Commissioners' definition was adopted and extended to new classes of policyholders without however developing fully parallel phraseology for each of the new coverages. (3) Specific recognition of extent of coverage to employees of subsidiaries and affiliates of the policyholder. (4) Reduction of the minimum from 50 to 25 insured lives in the requirement for the issue of a group policy. (5) Various improvements in wording which time has shown to be desirable."

With respect to standard provisions for group insurance, the five principal suggestions are: (1) A revised grace provision for the payment of premiums which takes into account the special character of group insurance in having a policyholder different from the insured. (2) A revised pro-

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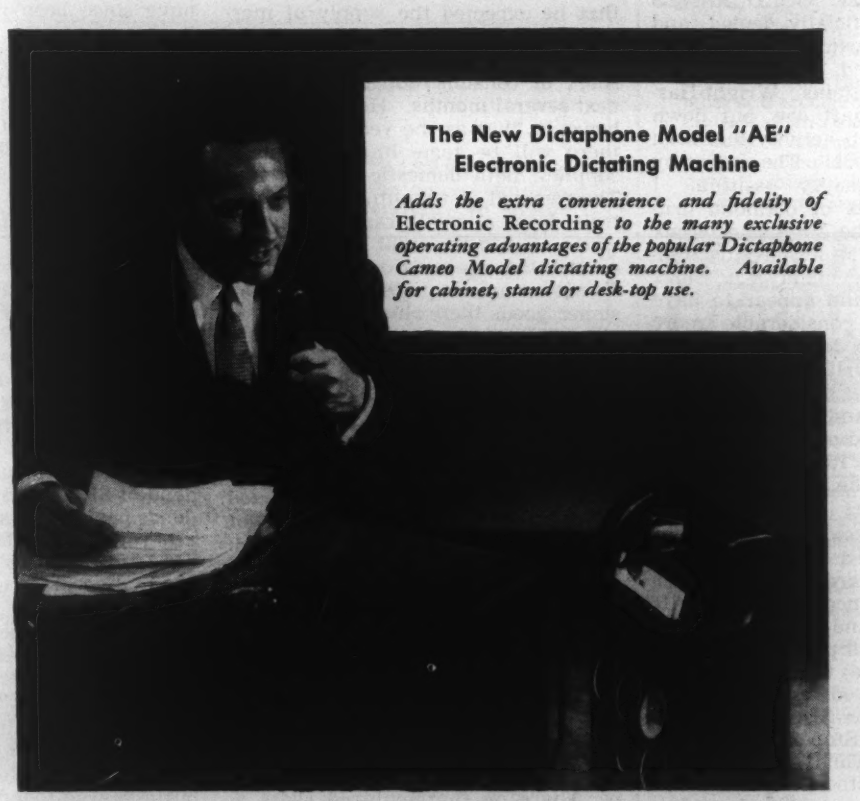

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vision relative to misrepresentations which takes into account the special character of group insurance in allowing persons to become insured under the policy long after it is issued. (3) Recognition, in the privilege of conversion to an individual policy upon termination of employment, of the conditions necessary if the group policy is written on the whole life or endowment plan of insurance instead of the term plan. (4) Addition of a provision under which a privilege of conversion to individual policies would be made available upon termination of the group policy as a whole. (5) A requirement of continued protection during the period allowed for the exercise of a privilege of conversion to an individual policy, so as to eliminate the possibility of a gap between a person's coverage under the group policy and his coverage under the individual policy.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Highway to Red Lake Promises Prosperous Era for Camp

By JOHN M. GRANT

THE pressing need for adequate land transportation facilities to the booming Red Lake camp, which in the past 15 years has produced approximately $50,000,000 worth of gold, has been recognized and an all-year-round highway is to be constructed by the Ontario Government. The new road to be built from Quibell on the Canadian National Railway, a distance of 94 miles, will cost an estimated $2,750,000 and if possible will be completed this year, and in addition to permitting the full development of the district's mineral potentialities will open up numerous townships for settlement, serve great pulp areas and give access to a large new tourist and summer resort area. In fact, as stated by Highway Minister George Doucett, who made the announcement, the developments which are bound to follow may well mean a great new era of prosperity for Northwestern Ontario and for the Province as a whole.

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A reduction in the freight rates to the Red Lake mining camp to about one quarter of the present average is foreseen by Mr. Doucett, and men and materials will be able to move from the railways to the camp at a fraction of the present effort and expense. It will not only serve Red Lake and the existing mines but also make feasible the construction of subsidiary roads to serve new properties as they are brought into production in this ever-growing camp. At present there are two routes into Red Lake. The first is by airline from Kenora or Winnipeg, but in spring and fall there are two periods when neither skiis nor pontoons can be used. The second route is by land and water from Hudson, a round-about trip usually taking two days. Launches and small barges are used with marine railways at the portages in summer while in winter tractors and sleighs are used. Moving freight by air is costly, usually about $90 a ton; the summer rate by land and water is about $20 a ton, and the winter rate by land about $40. It takes around 200 tons of freight per day to supply the area.

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"Red Lake is due to become a big camp," declared Mr. Doucett. "One authority declares it will be the biggest camp in Canada. I have no opinion on this point but that it will be a major gold producer, I have no doubt," he said. Mr. Doucett said the Government is not unmindful of the needs of other areas, but that the Red Lake road is a "matter of immediate necessity. A sizable community will no longer be neglected." "More roads into the mines are needed," commented Mrs. Viola MacMillan, president of the Prospectors' and Developers' Association in greeting with pleasure the announcement that a road to Red Lake was underway. The next needs, she believes, are a Lightning River road and a Rush Lake road, to be followed by a road west of Timmins.

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With finances now arranged East Sullivan Mines, in Bourlamaque township, Quebec, aims to attain production as quickly as possible on a basis of 5,000 tons a day. Arrangements just approved, with funds on hand, will furnish the company with $4,000,000. Strong mining interests of Canada and the United States are providing $1,500,000 cash and a further $2,000,000 will come from options. This development, Pierre Beauchemin, president, states, follows a recent examination of the property by an eminent firm of consulting engineers which fully confirms all estimates made by the company's engineers. Extensive drilling to a depth of 500 feet has indicated approximately 10,000 tons of ore per vertical foot. Exploratory drilling has shown the ore to persist to a vertical depth of more than 1,100 feet. Negotiations are in progress whereby provision will be made for the disposal of the metal output of the company.

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While the Prospectors' and Developers' Association is holding its annual convention in Toronto on March 11, 12 and 13, "Mining Day" will be celebrated on the final day for the first time in the Dominion. The observance, according to Mrs. Viola MacMillan, president of the association, is planned as an annual holiday. It will be observed from coast to coast and Mrs. MacMillan has plenty of plans for "Mining Day" in the future. Having taken the project under her wing she hopes to see the time when the second Wednesday in March will become a national fete day. She would like to see school students receive special lectures on Mining Day; special radio broadcasts and newspaper articles on the subject, because she thinks Canadians should become mining conscious.

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Omnitrans Exploration Ltd. in conjunction with Continental Diamond Drilling & Exploration Co. has purchased two properties, comprising approximately 1,200 acres, adjacent on the north to Discovery Yellowknife Mines, where some spectacular discoveries have been made. A diamond drilling contract has been awarded which calls for an initial 10,000 feet, with the first hole expected to commence within a month.

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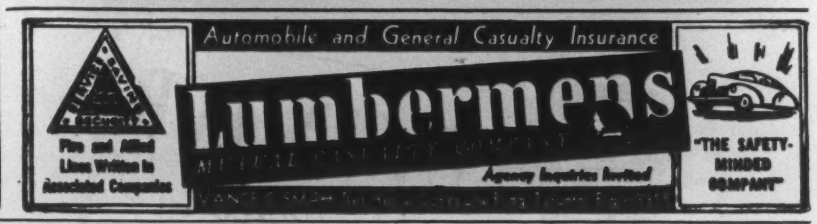
A doubling of the dividend of 10 cents per share paid in 1945 to shareholders of Pickle Crow Gold Mines is promised for 1946, which action is a reflection of the improving situation at the mine. Mill tonnage has been increased to 300 tons daily and it is expected to be back at the capacity rate of 400 tons before long with continued betterment in the manpower supply. In 1945, 1944 and 1943 half-yearly payments of five cents were made for a total of 10 cents per share. In 1942, 30 cents was distributed and in 1941 and 1940 payments were 40 cents per share. It is pointed out by J. E. Hammell, president, that it is considered in the best long-term interests of the company to defer larger dividend payments rather than curtail the present intensive development program.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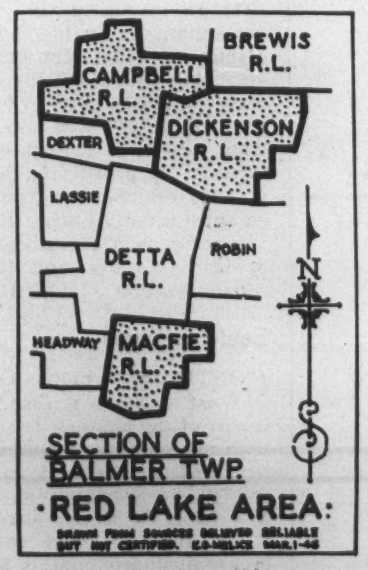
Dickenson Red Lake Mines Limited
Brewis Red Lake Mines Limited
Clicker Red Lake Mines Limited
Macfie Red Lake Mines Limited
Detta Red Lake Mines Limited
Dorion Red Lake Mines Limited
Lake Rowan (1945) Mines Limited



IN BOURLAMAQUE-LOUVICOURT

Mylamaque Mines Limited
Petitclerc Mines Limited
Tasmaque Gold Mines Limited

A new map of the Red Lake Mining Area will be mailed on request.

In inviting participation in a new mining issue from RISK CAPITAL funds, the sponsoring House does not and cannot guarantee final success. Indeed, if this certainty did exist, the mine would forthwith be developed for the benefit of a few, and the Risk Capital investor would not have any opportunity for large returns for comparatively small initial outlays.

Admittedly, there are many hazards in the gold mining industry and in spite of able management and ample funds, there is always the possibility of unforseen difficulties and delays in operation before a property is finally brought into profitable production.

As a Risk Capital Investment, and subject to these reservations, we draw particular attention to—

MACFIE RED LAKE MINES LIMITED

The properties of Macfie were at one time owned by the Dunlop Red Lake Syndicate, which did some surface trenching, exposing a sheared zone over a length of 1200 feet and a width varying from 5 to 30 feet. Surface assays secured by this syndicate ranged from $2.40 to $15.00 per ton gold over good widths.

Since the Company was organized last November, over $385,000 has been paid into the treasury and all necessary camps and buildings have been erected. Diamond drills are now being flown to the property for an immediate commencement of operations.

We consider that the shares of this Company offer excellent Risk Capital opportunity.

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"MY BANK" TO A MILLION CANADIANS

B of M

BANK OF MONTREAL

Company Reports

(*Continued from Page 39*)

from the investments in which shareholders' capital and reserve is held. The balance of our income, 78 per cent, arose from fees and commissions for services performed."

Trust & Guarantee

NET profit of $113,173 after deduction of usual charges, including contribution to employees' pension fund, is shown in annual report of the Trust and Guarantee Company, for the year ended December 31, 1945. This compares with net profit of $110,810 before a contribution of $7,971 to employees' pension fund from 1944 operations.

The company's balance sheet shows that $400,000 has been set up as reserve fund, which amounts to over 30 per cent of the paid-up capital. Capital account assets show an increase in Dominion of Canada bonds held of $102,000, and a decrease of $143,686 in other bonds and debentures. Stocks held have increased by $140,174 and stand at $416,724. The statement shows there is no real estate held for sale.

In the guaranteed account funds held for investment were $795,877 higher at $9,671,605. Guaranteed account assets also show a considerable increase in Dominion of Canada bonds up $1,125,778 to $3,372,801. Stocks also sharply increased from $87,165 to $190,751. Liquidity of assets at the close of 1945 was 110.57 per cent.

Total assets under administration at the close of 1945 were $52,143,807, including estates trust and agency account of $40,671,644.

Canada Permanent

NET profit of $713,238 is reported for Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation for the year ended December 31, 1945. After payment of dividend totalling $560,000, writing $100,000 off office premises and providing $50,000 for staff pension and insurance fund, surplus in profit and loss account was increased by $3,238 to $503,546. Net profit compares with $705,609 reported for 1944.

Assets of the corporation show further increase to $67,234,966 from $64,757,331, in 1944. Liquid assets now stand at 109 per cent of deposits. Although heavy withdrawals were made by depositors for investment in Victory Bonds, deposits have increased to $23,590,445.

Reflecting improvement in the real estate market, real estate held for sale is down to $141,939 from $808,549.

Further reduction is shown in sterling debentures outstanding which are down to $2,479,241 from $3,446,386. An improved demand for debentures payable in Canada is indicated and Canadian debentures outstanding are shown at $28,400,891, as compared with $27,190,661 in 1944.

Estates, trusts and agencies under the administration of the Canadian Permanent Trust Company, show further growth and are carried at $68,659,048.

Premier Trust

THE annual report of the Premier Trust Company for the year 1945 shows gross revenue for the period of $252,126 and after deducting taxes, expenses of management and all other charges there remained a balance available for distribution of $75,319 as compared with $77,280 in 1944. Dividends at the rates of 2% per annum amounting to $24,653 were disbursed. The sum of $2,000 was set aside to adjust the income tax reserve, $18,000 was written off assets and $10,000 was added to investment reserve. The balance carried forward in profit and loss account was $20,668. Saving deposits increased substantially during the year and amounted to $2,305,920 at December 31 last. Estates and trusts under administration totalled $7,065,179.

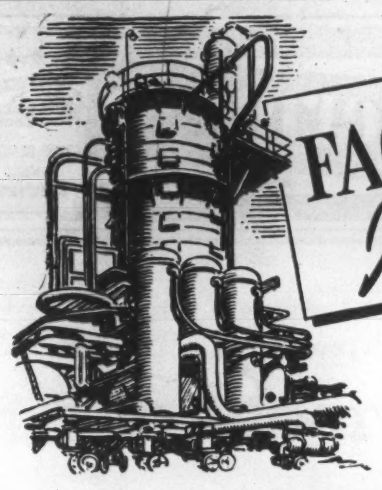
Eastern Trust

CONTINUED higher volume in trust accounts is recorded in 1945 report of the Eastern Trust Company, with net earnings moderately better; net profits, after all charges were $85,769, or $8.58 per share, against $85,548, or $8.55 per share for 1944.

The Balance sheet shows an increase of approximately $3.1 millions in estates, trusts and agencies account at $71,898,709; guaranteed account is up $1.1 millions at $10,483,610. The report, signed by Hon. F.B. McCurdy, P.C., the president, shows total assets were higher by some $4.3 millions at $83,988,014. The board again recommended provision of $5,000 from earnings for establishment of a pension fund.

Dominion of Canada General

AT THE recent 59th annual meeting of the Dominion of Canada General Insurance Company the report presented of the past year's operations showed that the total income (net) of the company in 1945 was $2,467,105, as compared with $2,249,537 in the previous year. Assets at the end of the year totalled $8,001,562, as compared with $7,309,692 at the end of 1944. The market value of the securities exceeded that shown in the balance sheet by $654,000. During 1945 $872,000 was invested in Victory Bonds, bringing the total holding in War Bonds to $2,220,000. Over 50 per cent of the company's funds are now invested in Dominion, Provincial and municipal securities. New business written by the Life Department in 1945 was $3,834,784, as compared with $3,457,874 in 1944. Total life insurance in force at the end of 1945 was $26,320,714, as compared with $23,538,903 at the end of the previous year. Reserves and liabilities amounted to $5,784,860, showing a surplus as regards policyholders at the end of 1945 of $2,212,044, as compared with $2,126,828 at the end of 1944.



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the Petroleum Products Industry

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